

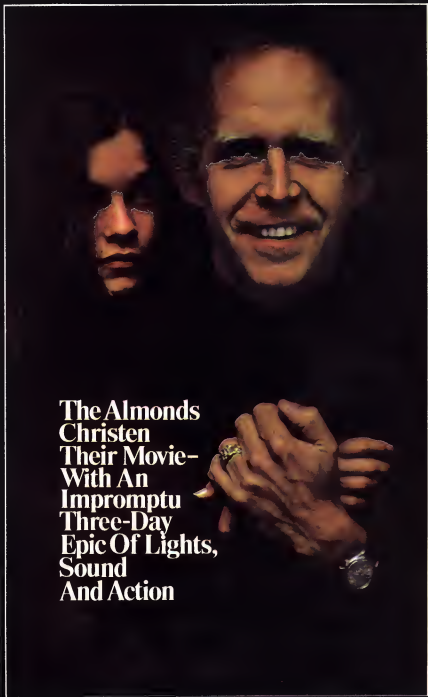
MACLEAN'S

**Is The
Schreyer
Brand of
Popular
Politics
A Good
Buy For
Us All?**



A unique souvenir
report on the
18 months that
changed Manitoba

**The Almonds
Christen
Their Movie—
With An
Impromptu
Three-Day
Epic Of Lights,
Sound
And Action**





During this Festive Season...
Say Seagram's and be sure



The Canada Firsters March On Ottawa

How many Canadians really want independence? Now we'll find out

LAST FEBRUARY 3, three men sat down for lunch at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto to talk about Canadian nationalism. By the time they pushed the coffee cups away they had launched the Committee for an Independent Canada. The three men were Peter Newman, the slender, dark, reflective editor-in-chief of the Toronto Daily Star; White Gordon, the beaming, gray-haired former Liberal cabinet minister; and Abraham Bartlett, a chunky, shaved professor of economics. The scheme they hatched seemed impossible, to harness Canadian nationalism to a seaparty political movement, and to use that movement to pressure, persuade and, if necessary, force the federal government to adopt a more assertive stance. The CBC was to be a reincarnation of the Canada First movement of the 1920s, a catalyst for revival, a channel, perhaps the last, to keep this nation from slip-

ping into a continental motion.

Much has happened since that February meeting, and the scheme doesn't seem so improbable today. The original line became a founding committee of 15, the founding committee became a sponsoring committee of 200, and the sponsoring committee has begun, through newspaper ads, letters and personal contact, to circulate a petition supposed to attract at least 100,000 signatures — presently, the

*Founding committee members were chosen to open the political spectrum. The co-chairmen, publisher Jack McClelland of Toronto and police publisher Claude Ryan of Montreal, are independents, as are architect John Parson and industrialist Frank Messer. But the group includes, besides Gordon, another well-known liberal, Miss Danielle Poirier, two prominent Tories, lawyer Eddie Goodman and former cabinet minister Allan Rock, as well as Eugene Park, a United West western union official and past president of the NDP.

BY WALTER STEWART



Electrohome color TV

Perfect picture
with a gentle touch.

Tuning a color TV is great. But tuning a color TV can be a problem.

Which is why Electrohome engineers developed Total Touch Tuning.

Total Touch Tuning means you select channels — even UHF channels — with a gentle touch on Electrohome's unique slide lever. No push. No twist. Just touch.

One touch locks in exclusive Electrolok Automatic Fine Tuning for the finest possible picture. Every time. There may be other automatic fine tuning controls, but there are none as foolproof or as accurate as Electrolok. That's why it's patented.

Another touch locks in all new Electroline® for exactly the color balance you prefer. You tell the set, and the set remembers. Scene to scene, channel to channel, color balance stays exactly as you prefer. Every time. (Best of all, set Electrolok and Electroline® once, and you'll probably never have to set them again. Ever.)

You vary color intensity to your personal taste with another gentle touch. And you adjust brightness the same way.

That's the exciting side of exclusive Electrohome Total Touch Tuning. Now for the practical story.

With all its magic, Electrohome Total Touch Tuning is actually more reliable than ordinary color TV. Because Electrohome engineers have eliminated the mechanical gizmos that can cause trouble.



Total Touch Tuning proves its worth in these unretouched photographs. Left: Picture without Electrolok and Electroline automatic fine tuning. Center: One touch and Electrolok provides instantaneous tuning. Right: Another touch and Electroline looks exactly the color you prefer.

Electrohome's Total Touch Tuning may very well revolutionize color TV. And it was engineered, developed and perfected right here in Canada.

But don't choose Electrohome color TV just because it's Canadian.

Choose it because it's the most exciting thing that's happened to color TV in years.

And it's at your dealer's now.

It's part of the extra degree of excellence that's convincing more people to choose Electrohome. Electrohome Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.



ELECTROHOME

Five very different Canadians explain why they joined the CIC



EMON PARK, 53, of Toronto, an officer of the United Steelworkers Union and past president of the federal NDP.

I'm very concerned about the issue of U.S. domination of Canadian unions. It's a fight we have won in the Steelworkers but not in every international union. A short while ago a member of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in Windsor became a contractor and obtained a large contract with Polymer Corporation. He made a deal with the union — a good deal — but it was refused in Washington by the international headquarters because he wasn't a member of the employer's association and they wouldn't let him join. Well, I ask you: We're pretty close to the resource industries, and we're really helping it, but our resources are being exploited, new capital is coming and that capital is going to exploit other countries and other workers.



JOHN FARBIN, 46, of Toronto, an architect, politically independent, but a schoolmate (at Harvard) and friend of Prime Minister Trudeau.

Issues are made and unmade in relationships through American-based parents, not on their skill in meeting Canadian problems. That is not to say, this is Imperial Rome, that is supporting American vendors. How is God's name not going to evolve anything distinctive, if we build the suburbs of Toronto, Winnipeg and Edmonton at the expense of U.S. cities?

There is something of great value in the country that has to be nurtured and cherished for Canadians of the future. We must build a nation of quality and excellence, that's something worth striving for — excellence.



MEL HURLING, 46, of Edmonton, bookmaker and gambler, a Liberal and chairman of that party's task force on international affairs.

When you live in a country where the most distinguished — race such as George Grant, Daniel Cloughlin,

Walter Gordon — tell you the country isn't doing to live, then you've got to take some sort of action and the normal political route hasn't worked. I've spent three or more years inside the political system, and I've seen how it operates, I've seen of policy laid down on the advice of people who work for foreign oil companies, and I've seen how extensively foreign corporations are involved in financing Canadian political parties, and I want to see something done about it before it's too late.



LOYD R. SHAW, 46, of Halifax, a businessman, an NDP supporter and executive national research director of the CBC.

Our business in 105 years did — my grandfather started in 1840 — and we just about lost it a short time ago to an American company. They moved right in and nearly had the thing before we got it stopped. It was a huge experience for me, it brought home the whole truth of take-overs very clearly.

As an NDP supporter I have always opposed the foreign domination in this country, and I'm happy to share this policy with any others who

would help to make it a successful policy. We (the NDP) are not going to form the government tomorrow and, consequently, though our democratic Pierre Trudeau is almost oblivious to what's happening, and somebody has to write him up.



ALVIN HAMILTON, 58, of Montreal, Ontario and Saskatchewan, a Conservative and former federal cabinet minister.

It's been clear to all of us who think that the traditional policy of the Establishment in Canada has been oriented towards continentalism. Now continentalism should be defined precisely. It's a widely held belief that destiny says the countries of North America will be one some day. I do not agree.

There is, even in the Liberal party, a growing awareness that, by God, we're Canadians. We're becoming more nationalist, and my purpose in joining the committee is to make sure we don't foster a narrow, exclusive nationalism, but an open and growing nationalism. This isn't a NDP thing, or a Tory thing, or a Walter Gordon Liberal thing. It belongs to everybody. □

Should you join the CIC? Certainly, if you're any kind of Canadian nationalist. The question is, are you? To find out, simply answer the 10 questions on this quiz and then check your rating below.

1. Walter Gordon is:
A. A great Canadian.
B. A man who means well, but
A. An idiot.
2. American control of
Canadian industry is:
A. Dangerous and
threatening.
B. Worthless, if it goes
farther.
3. Neither considering the
interests of our economies
3. American capital in
Canada should be:
A. Limited in dollar.
B. Available as both loans
and equity but limited to a
percentage of any company's

- stock.
3. Welcomed any way we
can get it.
4. Canadian performers who
move to the U.S. are:
A. Greedy.
B. Smart but greedy.
C. Smart.
5. What Canadian TV
shows is:
A. More Canadian programs.
B. Better Canadian programs.
C. Better programs.
6. Our national anthem is:
A. "O Canada."
B. "O Canada" and/or
"God Save the Queen."
C. I forget the title, but it
starts out, "Oh, Say Can

- You Say
7. The most boring after-
dinner speech in the world is
titled:
A. Our Unfinished Border.
B. The Turf System: An
Historical Overview.
C. The Case For Canadian
Nationalism.
8. Canadian water should be
sold to the U.S. only when:
A. It's frozen over.
B. We are sure our own
needs have been met.
C. How much?
9. Our houses and buildings
should be designed so that they:
A. Reflect Canadian themes.

- B. Fit the landscape.
C. Don't fall down.
10. Where I think of
"Contentment," I think of:
A. A plot to exploit Canadian
resources for U.S. needs.
B. A theory of resource
development.
C. Head-banging, bad
plumbing or a big car
accident. Could free points
for each A, three for each B,
one for each C. If your total
is 40-50, you are a realist,
10-40, a nationalist, 20-30,
half-warm but you may still
be interested, 15-20, a pro-
fessor, under 15, eligible to
vote for Ron Thatcher. □



Sure you can please
all of the people all of the time.

MIRIAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED, DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 80 YEARS

Latest government tar figures show

Benson & Hedges 100's are milder than ever.

According to latest government figures on tar and nicotine, Benson & Hedges 100's are as mild as the best selling king-size cigarettes.



...and they're still the same price as ordinary kings.



Maatoba is where John Rudy can live the way he wants

John Rudy, who was 75 last November, was just one of the several hundred people Maatoba's voters perceived while researching the minister's stances on the remarkable things happening in Manitoba (see pages 34 and 38). At one point, another everyday character, Pat Amesley and Doug Marshall talked to Rudy to help him make a political declaration either for or against Premier Ed Schreyer's 18-month-old NDP government. John Rudy was the exception. He is one of the few — perhaps the only — politically unassociated men left in Winnipeg.

Rudy, although he reads the *Winnipeg Free Press* every day and is better informed than the average citizen, has no room for stirring about all politics. Born in Poland, he immigrated to Canada at the age of 15 and was wounded in Ypres Ridge during World War I. After the war he worked with rail gangs on the CPR and saw most of the country. Then he took to riding freight. One day in 1972 he jumped off a freight just outside the CPR yards in Winnipeg, broke himself in half in the ground shock and has lived there ever since.

Given what John calls the "Depression," he had plenty of neighbors that since about 1947, he has lived alone on what is technically city property. No body bothers him. And John who receives \$151.46 a month from various pensions and could easily find a warm room and three meals a day at a Christian League hostel, is grateful to a city and a province that let him live the way he wants. "I eat and sleep," says John. "But Winnipeg is best."

The Maatoba's team — at all points we had five members of the staff in Winnipeg — covered Manitoba from country-club estates in St. James to grungy eating sessions in Winnipeg's dead-end pubs (grungy are delicious Ukrainian dumplings), from Churchill to Grinik, and met a lot of the people who make Maatoba tick. But the real quality of Manitoba, the thing that makes it also a province "bigger than the others," is its richness of people like John Rudy. □

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There isn't any map for discovery.

Discovery by definition has an element of surprise. It is a fresh way of seeing. Ed Harris saw in 1980 that Dinosaur's good geology wouldn't stop at a state-to-state border on a map of Quebec. The result, *Noranda Mines Limited*, the major Canadian natural resource company.

noranda

Extending the horizons of Canada — through natural resources.

OUR VIEW
YOUR VIEW

Canadians (Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Hockey) want their sport back. Militantly and massively, you're telling us that what this country needs is a NATIONAL National Hockey League!



BY BOB BOSSIN

LAST JULY I wrote an article in *Maclean's* called *While the country needs to give itself its own. We need to have one Hockey*. At the time, I had just read that the owners of the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Montreal Canadiens had threatened to leave their franchises to American cities in the face of proposed tax reforms that would end tax-deductible season tickets for businesses. Now I am not particularly enthusiastic, but that got me mad. Surely, if anything could be said to be "Canadian," hockey was it. Not because the British game passed a version of the game somewhere back in history, but because we made the game ourselves, each generation of us — in school yards, on neighborhood rinks, in church leagues, in our poetry. We put money and time and attention on it like water from a garden hose, spraying the backyard in mid-December. Yet, we have also done something just outside of North America. We followed the final, richest product of all this attention to be turned from a common good into private property. And the man who own the property has done what it was ours to see interest in do, sell it to the U.S.

I am really itching to catalogue again the ways in which the NHL, left or right or other Canadian hockey leagues and the team — including the National team — in order to put a monopoly of top-quality hockey. I would like to describe again how that monopoly has worked with its high prices, long-term season tickets, would like to compare again the NHL's policy assistance to the development of amateur hockey to its extraordinary profits. (The owners of the Leafs, for instance, made \$983,795 profit last year on \$6,624,183 total revenue, or 15% profit — compared with 6% for an average prime theatre and 1% for General Motors.) But for this kind of information, you will have to turn back to the July *Maclean's*, or read Bruce Kidd's detailed story in *Close The 49th Parallel* (University of Toronto Press).

At the end of my July piece, I argued that the government should place controls on (or, better still, nationalize) the Leafs and Canadiens while we could still get our hands on them. And I quoted Bruce Kidd's suggestion of a second major hockey league with owner-owned teams in a dozen Canadian cities. (In the beginning, players could be paid away from the old teams the way they were when the American Football League was formed.) That seemed to make sense to me, and I asked if it made sense to the readers.

Did it ever? Four months after the column was published letters were still coming in. In fact, the response was the largest driven by my article in *Maclean's* in years — 22 issues the amount of mail considered a healthy feedback. Altogether, the letters represented as wide a cross section of Canadians as you could imagine. They came from Quebec, British Columbia, and Barbados. New Brunswick from New Monington, Quebec, and Toronto, from "Yardville" addresses and from Mount Royal from which businesses, families, high-school students, socialists and grandmothers. Aren't a season with four seasons. Only two letters were unsolicited. Many came with personal complaints that the writer

linked to the NHL domination of hockey dirty play in the kids league in Vernon, BC, sportswriters being the team owners' line (Tom Oliva), substantial advertising on *Hockey Night in Canada* (Kingston). The original letters seemed to come from Manitoba and British Columbia, probably because of the protracted direct negotiations with the Vancouver franchise and the National team. Some letters were highly enthusiastic. A few readers expanded on Kidd's or my reflection, with two sending complete essays on the economics of league hockey. Excerpts from the letters form the rest of this month's *Our View/Your View* section. It's really all yours.

In taking what the readers felt, I had said that Prime Minister Trudeau's favorite excuse for not doing something was to drag and say, "But that is what the Canadian people want." I think we have disputed that one. But I discovered, by approaching a number of people with a portfolio of the letters, that what the Canadians really want does not seem to make all that much of sense.

While the government is "concerned about the state of hockey in Canada," according to Ian Howard, associate minister in John Munro, Minister of Health and Welfare, "our method is to try to co-operate with the existing structures rather than get into the hockey business ourselves." *Existing structures* means, of course, the NHL. Anytime the right to Canadian hockey, the Liberals have represented the soft line on American interest in Canada. Since they have shown little objection to the takeover of some of our other industries, it would be surprising if they took a new stand over hockey. The chairman of the Conservative attacking private industry, including the hockey industry, are pretty keen. That leaves the NDP. While repudiating hockey would fit easily into the economic nationalism of the party's Waffle group, the Wafflers are in the minority, and, even if they were to hold sway, a lot of hockey fans

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ASLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: "The best brains go where the proplewant them and can pay for them" — NHL president Clarence Campbell

would have to change their voting pattern before the NEP could do anything about hockey even if it wanted to.

Outside of the government, there is Hockey Canada, formed by Ottawa two years ago to "foster and support the playing of hockey in Canada." While it is trying to improve hockey at the grass roots it is not about to start working on the flower. "We aren't a regulatory body," says Chris Hoy, secretary of Hockey Canada. "We're really just a federation of our member groups." One of these groups is the NHL, and among its board of Hockey Canada are Stafford Smylie, president of the Leafs, David McLane, president of the Canadiens, and Cyrus MacLean, chairman of the Vancouver Canucks. These guys get around.

Turning to the private sector, entrepreneurs are not likely to set up big-league hockey in Canada for the same reason that the NHL didn't: the economy is bigger in the States. Scott Young says that the NHL is about as hard to locate as General Motors, and for the same reason. Young is one of the few sportsmen who has consistently challenged the NHL.

The one man who doesn't seem worried about all this is Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL. As to the Americanization of hockey, he told me: "Teams have always shifted north and south of the border. It is only realistic that the best teams will go where the people want them and are able to pay for them." He figures the difference in market between Canada and the U.S. means that a second league, even one without profits, could never compete with the NHL. It all makes perfect sense, when you start with hockey as private property.

Giving hockey back to the people is not going to be as easy as it first appeared. Actually, I would be pretty pessimistic if it weren't for the letters, but if that many people stay that mad and stick going together with more mad people, we sure could invent some polio shots, and maybe even some hockey cans. W. P. Jarosik of Hockey Menominee in Wisconsin, by all means get together with R. G. Spencer of the Comptons Plumbers Association in Vancouver. Most Canadians start to organize right there in Devon House. We had better start soon because it will take some time. Mean while, all across Missouri, Smylie, MacLean and company will be laughing all the way to the bank — quasi privately the Bank of America. □

continued on page 16



"...to tell you the truth,
It is not the vermouth—
I think that perhaps
it's the gin."

Golden Nosh, BBS

A Gin of exceptional character. So fine and dry that you can even enjoy it straight over the rocks.

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you want to say.

The French have a word for it.



Cointreau.

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OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

Hockey must be run by and for Canadians

One could consider a sort of a coin played in Canada that Americans pay fanatically to watch Canadians play their national sport under the banner of wealthy American cities, some of which never experience winter. But if the Americans really loved hockey they would get off their butts and play, as the Canucks, Bruins and Senators do. Instead, Americans prefer to defend Canadian cities for rich businessmen and Canadian players. It's ridiculous that cities such as Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Hamilton are unable to even bid for the Stanley Cup.

ROBERT J. MCGILL, BRANFORD, LAKE, BC

Charmor Campbell has not done a thing to alienate the hockey situation. He has set by and watched the NHL expand north and yet only three out of 14 teams are in Canada. He has allowed the American network CBS to take a firm stand on scheduling. Let's put a dash card Canada at the wheel of the northbound ship!

EDUC. NICHOLSON, HILLSDALE, ONT.

Let's bring hockey back to Canada. You can count on four votes from the family.

E. B. BERNETT, OTTAWA

My husband and I have been TV fans of the NHL for years. But this year was a disappointment as we watched the American telecasts of our national sport. Come on as one of your supporters I hope all many more.

HEB & F. JAMES, ULLAHUT, BC

You're right about "report" but you haven't done for much. Let's remove the American baseball teams and games from three quarters of our sportsman. Canada has great sporting events that could be reported the day they're happening. The Canada-Clash hockey team (last July) in Ottawa should have been reported, even in news. Why not? The New York Yankees second defeat came first. Let's get Canadian content in sportsman!

JIM WILSON, OTTAWA

We want hockey more than they do in California.

BARBARA HICKLEY, BERNARD, ONT.

... Let our cities play

Since we have a Canadian pro football league that seems to flourish rather well in conjunction with the NFL/AFL, why not have a Canadian pro hockey league? Remember the Ontario Senators continued on page 18



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appreciate their guests**



Amongst the elegant
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BOLS
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Imported from Holland

OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

the Montreal Canadiens and Toronto St. Pat's (the latter two cities could easily support new pro teams). Add such cities as Quebec, Hamilton, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Victoria. I'd bet for my bottom dollar it would succeed.

CLARENCE G. SULLIVAN, OTTAWA

Moneygrubbers have made it a game for the rich

I am a high-school student with no job and have a father who cannot afford entry tickets to the games (or even a few at the current prices). I would as often as not participate in a group that challenged the NHL, Liberal government and any other noncharitable body that refuses to accept the fact that everybody in Canada does not own a three-car garage.

RICK LEMICK, TORONTO

This hockey thing is a racket, legit, but nonetheless a racket. I used to listen to hockey radio broadcasts and later watched a good game on TV and once in a while, when I could, I went and stood in line for hours at the Montreal Forum to get a ticket. But now I don't even watch the game on TV any more. Why? Because all the games are gone or too hard to watch before the season starts. The big moneygrubbers have made rules to their effect. Remember when the Montreal Canadiens won the Stanley Cup five years in a row? What happened the sixth season? The Montreal Club was broken up, because they were all supporters and some of the American owners could even touch them and of course, they were losing big money. The answer — fix it, so that every team can make a profit or at least come out even at the end of the season. Montreal spent my fault? — we have sold out our pro national sport.

R. L. BERNER, CHICAGO, ILL., QUB

Sandy, hockey — my sport — has objectives other than those related to money. I ENJOYED IT! (MONTREAL, QUEBEC)

We produced those old greats...

I was born in 1907. My childhood was at Saskatchewan and Alberta (both areas provided much outdoor fun for many months all the year). My family and own equipment had Exmo's catalogue for sheepskins and had a frozen horse fire around which we couldn't afford a fireplace. For we played hockey and our penmanship lessons and were pretty free athletes — Ben Simpson. (Duke continued on page 20)

ONTO EVERY CAR A LITTLE RAIN, SNOW, OR SLEET MUST FALL.

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COMFORT SOUR

1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT
3 parts of rye
1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup lemon juice
Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Deliciously different!

COMFORT MANHATTAN

1 part SOUTHERN COMFORT
(instead of rum)
2 parts of 151 rum or 40 brandy,
1/2 cup sugar. Shake with cracked ice
and strain into glass. Strain into
cocktail glass. Sipper smooth!

COMFORT ORIGINAL

SCARLETT PHARA
As noted at America's New Orleans
1 part (1/2 cup)
SOUTHERN COMFORT
2 parts of 151 rum or 40 brandy
1/2 cup cherry juice cocktail
Shake with cracked ice, strain into
glass. A drink as comfortable
as the French Quarter!

Liqueur?
Perhaps,
but...



*Highball
Comfort and Cola
Comfort in Tequila
Espresso
Comfort Sour
Old-Fashioned
Comfort in Cognac
Daiquiri
Comfort Collins*

Cashier Southern Comfort's Bottling Center, Plantation, Missouri, USA ©1998

OUR VIEW

YOUR VIEW

If so, I should carry a rider that such arguments continue their hockey team within Canadian borders.
W. MCGARR, DANVILLE, ONT.

I have two boys who are starting sports and hockey (one is going into his second year). Also, I have contributed to building the new arena in this area. I want to make sure this game stays Canadian and would like to see Canadian money put back into the game.
C. W. BROWN, ST. CATHARINES

Hockey should be favored in the schools and colleges. It should have a national purpose. That national purpose should be shown in the Olympics, not in the Boston Olympics. What could happen when we see: Howe Hall would have done for national sports playing hockey for Canada in Canada and at the Olympics.
J. W. FORD, WILSON, ONT.

We women root for hockey lib!

It seems strangely unfair (big the U.S. in helping the talent in 11 out of 14 years) that without the TV money involved in the American franchise could new hockey clubs pay the salaries to compete? You probably don't think it's possible for a woman to feel the same way about hockey as a man — but my year in it would see two women hockey and other and O'NEILL, SAN PABLO, CALIF.

Let me hear Canadian hockey. I am nearly 80 and with another old lady watch all the hockey games and can't wait! Don't miss again.
MRS. J. R. MITCHELL, SALT LAKE CITY

Remember hockey and give it back to the people who grew up with it and enjoyed it for the sport and not the money.
BARBARA SCOTNEY, VICTORIA

In Calgary when we found out that the Vancouver Canucks were moving here, the city was composed and if the way to happen across Canada it would be beautiful.
LARRY BARRETT, STANLEY HILL, CALGARY

Is there a way to bring hockey home?

If we have to go as far as international hockey to get, up the coast, it's not like again here. In so do it.
BRIAN OWEN, CHICAGO, ILL.

Some day soon I hope the protestors and doubters will get the leaders off, quit screaming about Vietnam. Don't Chemical
continued on page 24

You won't keep paying after it's paid for.

- 1.** You save with our dual headlights. Because they make it twice as easy to see what's ahead of you at night. Like a tree, for instance. If you'd like to figure out how much that could save you, consider this: How much did you pay for your automobile?
- 2.** You save money with our dual headlights. Because they make it twice as easy to see what's ahead of you at night. Like a tree, for instance. If you'd like to figure out how much that could save you, consider this: How much did you pay for your automobile?
- 3.** You save with our theme control cables. Moto-ski have the kind of cables that airplanes use. So they're less likely to freeze up, leaving you in the cold. With a replacement ball in the neighborhood of \$15.
- 4.** You save with our safety features. They not only make the machine safer, they make you safer (with things like a motor shut-off switch that is just where it should be—on the handle bars, and a rycor, safety strap on the seat for your passengers to hold on to). So if you care to place a value on all safety features, you might sum it up like this: Precious.
- 5.** You save money with our chassis. Because if a welded heavy-duty steel, for strength and rigidity. Which means if it never loses its shape. And you'll never lose your money because you would probably pay well over \$100 to have a bent chassis rebuilt.
- 6.** You save with our suspension system. It's specially designed to be more rugged. And to help you get over little trouble spots. Like a \$60 repair bill for overheading a run down suspension system.
- 7.** You save with your track of vulcanized rubber and nylon cord, instead of putting bars on the inside of the rubber. We put cleats on the outside. If you break a cleat, you pay \$6 for a new one. Not \$60 for a new track. If the track wears out, you pay nothing. Because our track has the longest guarantee in the business. Two years for one cylinder models. One year for two cylinder models.



So far, the Moto-ski has saved you a tidy sum. And we haven't even mentioned things like our double wall construction, or our cam drive clutch. Or, all the time you would waste having repairs done.

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OUR VIEW

YOUR VIEW

and more hell over natural events about which they could be offering — today, for example.

JAMES HARRIS, JR., SEATTLE, WA

Count me and my family of four plus their mother in on anything that will contribute to a redemption of hockey. **RICHARD F. STEPHENSON, SILVERDALE, BC.**

Coming from Winnipeg, I never even had the opportunity to stand at an NHL game. I hope, however, that the fans in Los Angeles are enjoying the privilege. **JOHN WALSH, LONDON, ONT.**

Hockey is a Canadian game. Let's win it! **JOHN ROYER, OTTAWA.**

A Canadian National League would unite the Maritimes and the Northwest Territories really feel part of Canada. **MICHAEL P. FENNEK, QBC.**

Let Ottawa probe the NHL monopoly

The organization of any industry must be looked at from the point of view of both the producer and the buyer markets. The professional hockey industry sells a product called sports entertainment to a prospectively defined market. The product market of professional hockey is a compound of the NHL teams as sellers and the general public as buyers. But because of the great geographical distances between any two NHL teams, competition for buyers is grossly skewed. Toronto and Montreal serve separate markets. This means that the product market for professional hockey is a monopoly: a single seller supplies the entire market going to the market. Each NHL team will exercise its monopoly power over prices and income by charging a higher price and offering for sale a smaller output than under conditions of greater competition. That's why hockey tickets often sell for prohibitive prices. The NHL is also protected against entry of new firms into the industry. A franchise can be secured only from the franchised proprietors. But why should they destroy this monopoly power? The alternative seems to be to establish a rival league, at how suggest. The costs will be enormous, though. As well, fans would likely prefer to see the NHL teams rather than the teams in the rival league. A first test of experience would be needed to buy players from the NHL clubs. New teams would have to build backward links to secure hockey. Since private revenues need to acquire operational facilities, they may have some prospects of making a profit, but the higher costs of starting and recruiting in the industry may force new clubs to charge a price.

(continued on page 26)

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Modest
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1983

How Manitoba Turned 100 By Standing On Its Head

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

MANITOBA, To receive a phrase from a political hero of Premier Ed Schreyer just may be the place where Canada keeps her crown jewels as close as she can to her chest. Important things are happening there, important to all of us. In the British Columbia's W. A. C. Bennett, standing the Provincial President's Conference in Winnipeg last August, could mean national significance in the Manitoba. At the moment, the premier out there during one of the dramatic moments in the province's 100-year history. In the background, a joyous \$2.8-billion Centennial birthday party was wrapping toward a well-orchestrated climax in the Legislature. Schreyer's New Democratic Party government seemed about to fall on the issue of compulsory public auto insurance. Perhaps Bennett was eventually glorified by the prospects of a decisive defeat. At any rate, he pronounced that "Winnipeg should be the new capital for Canada's second century."

Well, it should. Manitoba today is more than a fuzzy middle ground where the East ends and the West begins. It is fast becoming the centre of Canada, the model in which the disparate elements that bedevil this country could finally be shaped into an organic whole. For Manitoba is Canada in miniature: language all our complex problems and potential—rushing dollars, the untapped North, Indian lands and bilingualism, the mining cities and deserted farms, the need for investment capital and the powers ahead when it comes from—condensed and reduced to one twentieth of size and you would have

The Golden Boy is still the symbol of Manitoba. But everything else has changed. In the eighteen mixed-up months since NDP Premier Ed Schreyer took office, the province has celebrated a busy Centennial and a quiet social revolution. This is how it all happened.



something that looks a lot like Manitoba.

Most of all, you would have the people. Back in the days when Canada was merely a single of transcontinental railways, disappearing in a tunnel, Winnipeg was the halfway point where all the trains stopped. Outgoing to the west, it carried the grain harvest of half a continent. Incoming passenger coaches, gleaming versions of the latest Express, unloaded a human harvest gathered from the Okies, the Dust, the Irish. Today, trains don't stop long in Winnipeg any more and not many Prairie winds sweep through the bulk of the CPR's once grand rail-



June 7, 1983: Schreyer, shown with family and minister Ross Paulsen, marks the genesis of his career and is hailed as the new Golden Boy of the NDP.

way hotel, the Royal Alexandra.

But the people the trains hauled to have taken root. Manitoba now has a population of nearly one million. Half of it clustered in Metropolitan Winnipeg. Only ethnic of British stock. The other major ethnic groups cluster in a spectacular collage—roughly 13% Ukrainian, 10% German, 6% French, 4% Dutch, 3% Polish, 2% Scandinavian (mainly Icelandic) and 3% native Indian and Eskimo—



June 2-25, 1989 Schreyer's growing appeal—The idea for Ed Schultz—inspires NDP's 10-day campaign

that forms an almost perfect cross section of John Porter's worried mood. The people of Manitoba support the new Canada. When they speak, the rest of Canada would be wise to listen.

The people spoke on June 25, 1989, by voting on NDP administration into office, the first local government in Manitoba's history. In effect, Porter's thesis has been turned upside down. The mood Anglo-Saxon elite, who ruled for 99 years by deftly sweetening big business promises with small-town values, have been turned off. The seen and grandsons of the immigrants are in power.

That is not a partisan conclusion. The people really are in power in Manitoba — and enjoying every minute of it. A changed mood is evident everywhere. Social life in Winnipeg is beginning to move out of staid, formal and into cooperative fun zones. At night the city's pubs (forced higher taxes, including admission to 18-year-olds, have made them the most affordable in Canada) are packed by all levels of society. This summer's Centennial celebrations turned into a blue-collar bash complete with a diversity parade with 500,000 visitors. The people danced and drank beer in the streets while the dispossessed establishment sulked over whiskey sales behind the closed doors of the Manitoba Club, which has no Jewish members.

Highways Minister Joe Borowick, every two driver's idea of what a politician should be (see page 12), is disposed to boast: "This is the only province that truly represents the common work-

ingman — which is 90% of Manitoba. What we do here will change the Canadian way of life."

Which is fine, except that there are still many people, inside Manitoba and out, who don't particularly mind their way of life changed. One doesn't have to be a corporate president to have honest doubts about how NDP policies will affect the free-enterprise system, doubts about the fundamental conflict between the welfare state and individual incentive. From the moment he took office, Schreyer, who once taught political science at university, has been at pains to allay such doubts. The point he keeps stressing is that "we do not feel inclined to impose on private enterprise that is operating successfully." At heart he is a New Dealer, no farther left than the quotation by Franklin Delano Roosevelt that hangs behind his desk: "The test of our progress is not in whether we add to the abundance of those who have much but in whether we provide for those who have little."

Many businessmen remain unmoved. They are nervous about 34-year-old Schreyer's ability to control the doctrinaire radicals in his caucus — such veteran socialists as Manx Minister Ed Green and Consolida Dwyer, now editor of *Globe and Mail* — who tend to advocate massive public ownership at a number of principle. This lack of trust reached panic proportions when Schreyer, apparently bowing to pressure from his left wing, introduced Bill 56, setting up a government automobile-insurance corporation. The result was a classic confrontation, a sharp battle between services and industrial capital.

"The NDP has this one tool to its tail," says George Hefflinger, 44-year-old president of National Grain and a possible leader of what's left of the provincial Liberals. "Because of Bill 56, my business friends continue to display considerable apprehension. I feel pretty hard pressed to reassure them on my board of directors that we undertake exploration."

Against such opposition Schreyer's brand of popular politics may be too easy to export than he and his partners hope. What the NDP victory does prove, however, when taken in conjunction with Trudeauism, is that the mainstream of political consciousness — the Canadian consensus, if you like — is flowerly somewhere between Ed Schreyer's groupies, populists, and Pierre Elliott Trudeau's pragmatic chaos. Ontario Premier John Roberts may be convinced his Conservative party can "stay in power for ever," but he can hardly ignore the political passions kindled in Manitoba. Eighteen months

June 25, 1989 "The biggest thing we're got going for us is Walter Weir," says an NDP supporter. "Wink guy, sweet guy, but not at all. He would have made a good premier in 1925." Today, a joke heard around the Legislature is "Walter what?"



ago Manitoba's worried small-town radicals and conservatives. Today the province is a ferment. Issues are discussed incessantly and everyone from the bus driver to the grain trader wears his political heart on his sleeve.

If the insurance companies are looking for someone to blame for Bill 56, they might just as well pick on poor old Walter Weir. Everybody else does. Weir started the NDP on the road to power in May 1967 when he called a snap June election. The Tories had just won three out of four by-elections and the leaders of both opposition parties had resigned. As things turned out, everything went wrong with the Tory plan. This was partly because the Conservatives had a leadership problem of their own in West, a former underdog from small-town Manitoba. During his years as a junior government minister, Weir made only two speeches on major policy and carefully concealed whatever inspirational qualities he may have behind a bluff, Bennett-like display of boorishness.

But once a Conservative strategist with Churchillian insight could not have foreseen the circumstances that were combining to make a New Democratic victory possible. The NDP didn't win three other Nov. 6 of the three recent elections notwithstanding Schreyer's campaign thought he would form a government. The race was far second place. With hindsight, it's possible to see the upset factors.

□ **Timing.** The leadership NDP had scheduled a convention for the end of June with Schreyer and Green the main contenders. By calling the election for June 25, Weir hoped to catch the secrets unwrapped. The party backfired. The NDP advanced their convention to June 7 and got hiters of invaluable TV coverage throughout Manitoba right in the middle of the campaign.

□ **The Liberal blunder.** The Liberals had nominated Bobby Band, a 1950s-era cabinet minister, as leader. Young Gryn, defeated to the NDP in a drawn Liberal or governor bungled the campaign by almost ignoring

man. Instead they put a cowboy hat on Band and sold him in a Ban Centennial who could defend western values. Result: the Liberals lost eight seats.



June 25, 1989, Schreyer, 38, receives a victory kiss from his 30-year-old wife Lyla. Both grew up in Greenock, a small town in Scotland. Schreyer is a Jew of Russian (Catholic) was married in 1960 and one son in a former journalist's home on the outskirts of Winnipeg. Son Lyla: "I'm not a singer girl. The content is stay home."

man. Instead they put a cowboy hat on Band and sold him in a Ban Centennial who could defend western values. Result: the Liberals lost eight seats.

□ **The socialist issues.** Public opinion about two Tory-concocted pretexts — a massive Manitoba Hydro scheme that

would have flooded two communities on South Indian Lake and a pulp-and-paper complex at The Pas that must cross Manitoba's 392 rail lines before it's finished — provoked the NDP with first-rate campaign material both around the theme of "the business versus little people."

□ **Redistribution.** Every 10 years Manitoba's provincial elections are redrawn. Redistribution since the previous election had created eight new urban seats. The NDP was on.

None of those factors, however, was as decisive in the driving power of Ed Schreyer himself. There seems to be a pattern in the way Man-



July 10-15, 1970: A five day sight tour of Manitoba is the glamorous high point of the Premier's Centennial celebration.

where many of whom are now racing fans, pick their winners. Every 10 years or so they take a flyer on a bright hope. In 1940 it was Douglas Campbell; in 1950 Roblin; this time it was Schreyer. He is not a natural platform politician; he makes his too low-keyed. But in an intimate conversation or on TV, he communicates a sense of integrity and a seriousness of purpose that captured the popular imagination.

The point at which it first dawned on the public that Schreyer might make a Premier of Manitoba was a televised speech he made at the NDP leadership convention. There they were barely 200. While Roblin, counting his faithful, the NDP were dropping to 25 seats, a gain of 16 but one less than they needed for a clear majority, in the 57-member House. The Conservatives were reduced to 22 seats, from 33. The Liberals held two. Social Credit one and there was one Independent (Gord Brown), a closet Liberal.



June 26, 1968: Following with Lily daughter, Kenneth and Lisa and son Jason, Schreyer visits his father's residence.

Accused of being a Liberal in disguise, Schreyer was guided into an impetuous declaration of his convictions as a social democrat. It proved to be the speech of his career. Parts of it were incorporated in his highly effective TV campaign. From then on, which was only 18 days, Schreyer was billed as The Man for All Seasons and something NDP organizers call the inevitable, faster took control. His special assistant Ken Goldstein, explains it this way.

Some guys, for one reason or another, reach a point where their election becomes the most natural thing in the world. It happened with Trudeau in 1968. And it happened with Schreyer in 1969. Basically, all we said in our ads was there is a guy who grew up on a farm, was educated in both rural and urban

schools, taught in rural schools, became a university professor in the 1950s and in the House of Commons and has in a very real way touched most of the Manitobans here. Personally I guess people were just looking at him. And I guess it clicked and — here we are.

There they were barely 200. While Roblin, counting his faithful, the NDP were dropping to 25 seats, a gain of 16 but one less than they needed for a clear majority, in the 57-member House. The Conservatives were reduced to 22 seats, from 33. The Liberals held two. Social Credit one and there was one Independent (Gord Brown), a closet Liberal.

Worried that for a week to study the results. He did not recognize a word and there was talk of a Conservative Liberal Alliance to prevent Schreyer's taking power. The traditional Liberal but naturally, manchester Winnipeg Free Press, which treated Schreyer fairly during the election, began a news page campaign designed to prove the NDP would create economic ruin for Manitoba.

In contrast, the Winnipeg Tribune devoted two pages to a special interview with Schreyer, clarifying his position.

Worries of keeping on a tight ship when Larry Douglas, declared in 1969 the NDP success. Douglas, a socialist, exploded to his 20. Roblin's supporters that the best way to fight for Liberal principles was with Schreyer. His move gave Schreyer control of the Legislature. But, as later events were to prove, it also gave Douglas control of the NDP.

On July 8, 1970, finally met Schreyer and discussed the transition of power. The meeting lasted 30 minutes. All of which were reported taken up by Weir giving a detailed farewell to the official car he had recently received. It took Elzetta, equipped with radio, to phone through at a personal nature and power everything, including wing mirrors. On July 15, Schreyer was sworn



July 1, 1969: Liberal Larry Douglas defects to the NDP, giving Schreyer a shake-up and sets majority in the House.

the break even point at \$11,348 for a family of four. Any family with an income below that level stands up about the edge.

Schreyer also made good on his other campaign pledge to bring open government to Manitoba. This meant being constantly available to minority delegates who had previously felt the Legislature doors were closed to them. Schreyer's telephone number remained listed in the Winnipeg directory. The new has a second number, outside his official house and anyone who called usually found himself talking to the Premier. When a grade 10 girl phoned one evening asking for an interview for her school newspaper, Schreyer promptly arranged to see her in the Legislature.

Schreyer's sweeping influence is remarkable. He always has economy. His idea of lunching out is to drive himself to the nearest cafeteria of the midwestern chain and order chowchow, with his kitchen. Naturally the working press line him. Especially

July 18, 1969: Sworn in as the first socialist premier in Manitoba's history, Schreyer delivers a multi-media cabinet



which is happened naturally, he is prepared to help a fairly runner churn his way out of a domestic crisis by bringing the Premier of Manitoba home for an after-work drink.

Schreyer carried the same crowd informally into the road race, which was marred by only one failure, in giving — of the Pils. Dan's Cascade president of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood (and wearing a replacement war helmet made in Toronto) seated on the dais to address the Grand-Wheat-Midler-Frost Acres-The-Big-Waters on the subject of Indian grievances with the Crown. The Queen was not present and could only rely on the statistics of her pre-paid trip. Otherwise the five-day tour went splendidly. The royal tour approval



June 13, 1970. Schreyer opens the baseball season during an afternoon baseball game. He promises to play nine games.

down from Churchill through a province drenched not with profit, hungry for paganism and determined not to let the steady traffic spoil things. The church started on the last day. The royal family, escorted by 24 smiling RCMP riders, rolled in open landings through the borrowed mosaic of a sun-drenched Winnipeg to the steps of the Legislative Building Schreyer, his cabinet and a crowd of 150,000 were waiting. A 21-gun salute echoed over the Red River. On the top of his name Manitoba's Golden Jubilee glimmered in glory.

That was July 15. Two weeks later the Schreyer government had that precious the

Queen to confidently was listening on the edge of a political election. Throughout the ceremonial summer, Schreyer had been convinced that a crisis over government automobile insurance could hardly be avoided. As originally set out, his Bill 56 was essentially a funding legislation. It established a crown corporation to administer compulsory automobile coverage that will be sold to drivers along with their license plates. The policy pays three-quarter liability for a limit of \$50,000. Death benefits up to \$10,000 will be paid on a no-fault basis as well medical bills, loss-of-income benefits and job-loss benefits. Further details, including the premium structure, are still to be worked out by the corporation.

We had a long-standing commitment to bringing a bill to make it a fact. Schreyer said. Not only will premiums be reduced by about 19% — but some \$25 million in investment capital will be transferred from the private sector to the public department fund. I was hoping against hope the members of the financial community wouldn't be too critical. I thought they could buy it. I was disappointed when, time to time, they started to strain."

The screaming came from two directions. The insurance corporations, which had about one-fifth of the bulk of the \$35 million in auto premiums they collect in Manitoba each year (The 100,000 units came from the giant's Winnipeg Mutual Insurance Company, which does a total annual insurance business of \$44 million out of the tiny village of Wawanesa, south of Brandon's Macmillan, and with some insurance coverage, the province's 1,200 private insurance agents protected the common line of their livelihood).

By April the two forces had combined to form one of the richest and most dangerous lobbies ever heard in Canada. Insurance companies eagerly marched in the thrust and parried the legislative assembly. They were already being angry carried north. The three-pronged army. The vil-



lagers of Wawanesa, all 496 of them, arrived in a motorcade of buses to plead for generic insurance. Bumper stickers ("Help Stop Bill 56") and pennants for our services ("From Enterprise You Can Get It") were visible everywhere. Paul newspaper advertisements and the impact of words of the Winnipeg Free Press preached daily about impending doom. Charges of a "Red glow over the Legislature" and references to "Red Ed and his Redies" were bandied about. Finally in the words of Eric W. Suter, spokesman of Winnipeg journalists, it was all pretty "Nostrilful."

It slowly dawned on Schreyer and his supporters that they were fighting the whole insurance industry. The campaign was organized from

Winnipeg by Public and Industrial Relations Limited, retained by the Insurance Bureau of Canada. The national insurers turned out to have been prepared in a variety of ways. The Winnipeg PR experts custom the industry spent at least \$200,000 in the fight.

Schreyer dismissed the corporate attack on pre-emptive war campaign. But he was personally convinced the insurance agents had a case when they complained about inadequate compensation. The trouble was it took him much longer than he expected to bring his colleagues round to his point of view. "I told them we were in for a rough ride unless we somehow resolved the existing agents in the pre-negotiated scheme. The 29th vote wasn't secure."

The 29th vote was Larry

August 9, 1970. The only ever government auto insurance scheme in a head, finally, some 4,000 protesters had marched on the Legislature. Bill 56 heavily sponsors Erilguy and Schreyer, with cabinet colleague Howard Finlay, in the foreground.



Desjardins. For weeks, Desjardins had been wrestling with his conscience over Bill 56. On July 31, Desjardins' Liberal principles were not and he dropped his bomb shell. He would not vote for

Bill 56 that met most of his objections. But now it took Schreyer 12 days of consultation and compromise to coax him back around.

During these hectic days Desjardins and Core Bland, the other Independent MLC, viewed along the axis of protest. Inevitably, again, the protest. Desjardins all night the house number is 258-1079. Symbolic and easy to remember. And NDP men have walked on him all day.

The other roomed a raft of obscure calls. As Bill 56 passed in committee stages in a full House and a packed gallery one or both of the independents, voted with the NDP at each crucial test and kept the government in office.

For Schreyer the sharpest threat to the government's survival came from within. A division NDP faction led by Green and Green, wanted to know as always. They were concerned the NDP would pick up at least four seats. The threat that the government was covering its own elected senior position when his financial, cringing voluntarily on an issue attached to Bill 56, was barely resisted from the House. The NDP's not looked delirious — it was not — and Schreyer went pale. "I had promised we'd stay in power for years unless defeated in the House and I had no idea how to fight an election on Bill 56. It would have been a dirty, emotional campaign fought on slogans rather than issues. So, during that time I was keeping a very close eye on everything that happened with 11,000 the caucus. Naturally as far as party discipline goes, I'm quite lax. I don't believe a leader should operate like a little schoolmaster in the end. Desjardins was worried back by circumstances that allow half the private insurance agents to suit government auto policies if they wish and provide bonus compensation for the others. On August 12, tears in his eyes, Desjardins declared he would vote for the altered bill.

"There is not one single person who could refuse to support the government after the compromise that has been drawn," Insurance Agents in

the gallery bowed and Conservative Whip Bud Sherman stormed out of the chamber shouting, "You must feel you fool!" Next day, Desjardins and Bland riding with the government, Bill 56 was voted into law by 29 votes to 27. Minutes later the House prorogued, ending the most exciting political season Manitoba has known since Louis St. Laurent's premiership of Red River.

Schreyer waits a month or so of the first throne in office — Manitoba's system normally last only three months — Schreyer's government had passed 134 pieces of legislation. It had withdrawn the heated attack the opposition is likely to register. The only vexed democracy in North America seemed here to stay.

Apparently one of the last economic in Manitoba's Centennial program will be the opening this month of a monument to Red and the Legislature. Red and Schreyer are the only two leaders in Manitoba's history successfully reproducing the common people of their time. In the end they helped Red, which is one of Canada's two alternatives for dealing with such a man. The other is to send them to Ottawa and make them Prime Minister. Since Schreyer is going to being Ed Schreyer. □

August 5, 1970. In the middle of the Bill 56 debate, 300 Manitoba letters his banner and it is called New The House.





Back in 1964 (above), they laughed when Joe Borowski brought his one-man protest movement to the doorstep of Manitoba's Establishment. Today he's a Minister of the Crown (right), and they're not laughing any more.

The Outsider Moves In

BY PAT ANNESLEY

YOU REMEMBER JOE BOROWSKI? The guy who caused such a stir a few years back by camping on the steps of the Manitoba Legislature. Even the eastern press was full of stories about this crazy nutter from Thompson, Man., with his wire-pulling bag and his howled-out rage that said BOROWSKI IS NO BASH BOSS (YIP YIPANTONS).

People read the stories and said: Look at that poor dumb Polack, camped out there in threebelow weather. What's he trying to prove?

And then that poor dumb Polack became Minister of Transportation for the Province of Manitoba.

He did prove something—that an outsider can get in. Does an outsider get in as conspicuous as Joe Borowski. And now he's trying to prove the rest of it: that you can fight The System from the outside, and then fight it from the inside, and not sell out to the inside-party-the-mane boys. The politicians.

Joe Borowski is a political phenomenon: the supercilious, chunky anti-establisher, who wants to stay that way. Or, if you want to get fancy about it, the anti-politician as power.

THE LEGISLATIVE chamber is a beautiful room, all blue and gold and dark polished wood. The poor air reekiness of a building designed throughout with the dignity of the democratic facade is real.

It is August 5, 1970. Ed Schreyer's NDP government is facing its big crisis: Bill 56, reintroducing government auto insurance in Manitoba, is in the final stages of debate. The government could fall. Everyone is waiting for the question period to end and to hear Premier Schreyer's promised policy speech on Bill 56. And then somebody asks the transport minister about that scandal in highway.

Joe Borowski rises. Yes, the Attorney-General's investigation has reached a stage where he is ready with a report. The irregularities in the highways department, dating back to the Conservative administration, have been at least partly confessed.

He gives them details: two

employees fired and facing charges of theft and breach of trust, two others suspended. Multiple charges of fraud pending against a contractor. Investigation continuing into the much-publicized "missing road," which has now been found. Accusations of backbends in the Conservative government will be "dealt with."

And then he turns to two former Conservative highway assassins still in the House, former Premier Walter Weir and Harry East, the member from Lakeside. Borowski suggests both men be suspended from the Legislature pending further investigation. "I don't know to what extent they were involved. But they were ministers and it seems to me they know, or should have known, what was going on."

Angry Conservatives begin jumping up and down, demanding retraction. Borowski says all he did was answer a question, and "if the Opposition doesn't like it, the Opposition can go to hell."

And all hell breaks loose. Walter Weir takes his rule book into the center of the chamber. Larry Despardis (St. Boniface) offers to go outside with Borowski and "yag it out" for the honor of the House. Labor Minister Ross Parley begins to cry as he pleads for a return to parliamentary sanity. Ben Hirschbach, the speaker, is hearing his charman's wings in the road in vain.

The Premier apologizes for his anger, but it's not enough. They want it done. Borowski. Retraction or expulsion. Schreyer, Attorney-General Al Mackay, and finally a full-scale NDP dissolution leave their desks to plead with the honorable member for Thompson. Make the retraction. Joe Borowski shakes his head.

Finally, a vote is called and Borowski is suspended from the House for the remainder of the sitting. He charges out the door with his heavy-laden fanny's stride. He will apologize the next day, somewhat stiffly, after a few words with Schreyer. But at the moment Joe Borowski is angry. It was "the bloody



Citizen support scrawled in magenta lipstick: Good Work, Joe

quish," he tells reporters on the corridor. "I have a right to say it. If I can't tell the truth in the House, then I don't want to sit in that god-damn House."

That afternoon, a message appears on a government car door in the parking lot below, scrawled in magenta lipstick by an unknown citizen: Good Work, Joe.

Or, worse, where the people have suddenly discovered the entertainment value of their own politics. Ed Schreyer is Queen's University and ambassador in the public policy of the House is an alternative to watching the wackiest move. But there is little doubt about every body's interest in seeing how Joe Barwood.

Joe, they call him. Nobody has to ask. Joe who?

The man is a giant. A tall, thick-necked man with a large head and a balding top, he usually wears a brilliant green shirt and matching (or not) checked pants. He presents a startling figure in the Legislature. Emerging from a Cabinet meeting, he lowers over another seated, bespectacled fellow minister, his head, high-collared face slight with a grin, and a grin, making the others look like a low gale and hurried. Coming at you with that grin, his incredibly powerful bulk bent forward into the wind, he looks like a refugee from a grunge session of the Blue Bunch.

The shadow he casts on the Manitoba political landscape is every bit as large. By being outgoing, then, behind Joe, the working stiff from the mines who used to carry a lunch pail, he has become a folk hero. Joe has a clear-cut idea of how the world is divided, into little guys and bad guys. And he has it in for the bad guys (rich people, powerful people, large corporations and Conservatives — especially Conservatives).

The NDP won Manitoba in 1968 with a slate of candi-

dates that read like a petition for minority rights, and the Anglo-Saxon establishment — the tight little group of academics who had controlled Manitoba's economy and politics since 1870 — is still reeling. For the first time, Anglo-Saxons are outnumbered in government as they sit in parliament. The power structure has been turned inside out, and the outsiders are in.

The old guard don't like it, but they're living with it. It's clear that Schreyer and his lieutenants are easily outmaneuvered, moderate and self-administrators. But Joe Barwood says "I ain't" and swears like a studious. He has a grade six education. He spent most of his life in bush camps. He wanted the House in his maiden speech that he was a working man, hadn't been to finishing school, and had no intention of making himself over. All over Manitoba the men who carried the lunch pail threatened his newspaper and said: "Yay, Joe. And the old guard wanted to know. How the hell did he get in there, anyway? They're off to sleep."

In fact, Joe was in his way before the NDP was even considered a good bet to tame the Opposition. He made it by making himself known. He wouldn't have been caught dead using the phrase "tell it like it is" that he went around telling a lot of it and building a reputation. When a by-election was called in the northern riding of Churchill early in 1969, Joe ran and won.

They used to explain Joe's popularity by pointing to the support of his own kind, his fellow Stivers, the Ukrainians and Poles who make up almost 20% of Manitoba's population, his trade union buddies (Joe was vice-president of the Starchworkers' Union in Thompson) and his fellow northerners (but the Winnipeg grain corps, pro-Joe almost to a man, are convinced that nowadays they deserve headline status and could use any constituency in Manitoba and won.

And today you run into Barwood's face in surprising places. In Gosh, the Icelandic community where small-crestedism has characterized politics since the first settlers, the mayor is sitting in a bar, attacking the NDP. Joe Barwood, though, he's different. "Now, there's a man I'd vote for him any day."

On a tree-shaded lawn in St. James, one of the wealthier suburbs of Winnipeg, an insurance broker sits his shaggy and tries to be reasonable about the Schreyer government, which has engaged him in what he considers a fight for his financial survival. He's bitter. But about Barwood, he says. The guy is honest, he must be the most honest man in politics today."

And not all the sons and grandsons of immigrant supporters (Barwood) seem to have pulled themselves up in other fields outside the confines of his name. "It's embarrassing," says Winnipeg lawyer Barry Krawchuk. "I wish his name was Smith."

MEANS AND Natural Resources Minister Sid Green gets a kick out of telling anecdotes with Barwood. He makes you want to know which side he's going to be on. Green thinks he has it figured now, though. The Great Barwood Paradox, "Joe," he tells him, "when it comes to ideas, you're a liberal, and in progress in anybody in politics. But when it comes to money, you're an out-and-out reactionary."

There's something in that when you think of the samples from the Barwood stock of honest truths. A woman's place is in the home. Adultery is "horrible." Alcohol is the world's number one social problem. Atheism are entitled to their views, says Joe, but he wouldn't want his daughter to marry one. Also off limits for his teen-age daughters: smoking, marijuana, university.

Unhappy? Yes, Joe says. At the University of

Manitoba and got his first glimpse of modern campus life, he didn't like it. He came home and told 16-year-old Debbie. "Well, you're not going there."

The Barwood Paradox reached an elegant perfection last summer during the royal family's Coronation tour of Manitoba. When the northern rebel met the Queen of England, it was live at first sight. His souvenirs of their tour of the Thompson mine site, five brand-new white hard hats, laid up on his office mantelpiece, each with a name on it. Elizabeth Philip Charles Anne Joe.

Barwood neither says nor reacts like a politician. But when it comes to point out, he isn't a politician. He doesn't even like politicians much. Can't trust the bastards, he says. He isn't a socialist either. He's for "competitive free enterprise" and against corporate capitalism. He says he'd become a Conservative to narrow if the NDP got too far out of line.

Joe is, as he says, a Christian and a union man. And that, along with these hard hats in his office, is a large statue of the Virgin Mary.

"Not a religious endorsement,"

Ed Schreyer sat in the days behind him of the Manitoba Legislative Building, looking off a 90-cent plate of pork chops, capitalism and French fries. "Is it wonder, yes," he said. "But when I balance out the good points with the embarrassments, I can also say with equal certainty that I have no quarrel with Joe. He is true to the Cabinet. No regrets at all. To tell the truth, they all thought I had rocks in my head at the time."

JOHN (Barwood) never was a Polish "joke," or joke. His family was no longer wealthy but they did not take it kindly when he moved a peasant. In 1930, Joseph and his brother left Canada. The best "benefits" had been taken when they arrived in

continued on page 42



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

I thought MLAs were God-like...not jackasses and drunks*

Saskatchewan. They settled on a fairly quiet location on the CPR, right-of-way, and Joseph agreed to give the railway one third of every acre or less of land.

It was poor land and Joseph a poor farmer. He got used to being treated as an equal by his neighbors, people from peasant stock. "The name is pronounced Borold," Joseph used to tell his sons. "That is the proper, aristocratic pronunciation." And the fourth son, the sixthborn one with the big head, used to say "That's it."

The sons 10 children and only enough money to send one son to college. That was the eldest, Isaac. The rest had to quit school around 13. The girls got into a workhouse or, otherwise, the boys worked as farmhands for \$50 a month, plus room and board.

One of Joseph Borowski's sons left farms that rocky quarter section and still heads over one third of all his produce to the CPR. The fourth son, Joe, the sixthborn one, keeps saying that the CPR is the "biggest bunch of lame things in the history of Canada."

INQUIRY AT WENT TO Thompson in 1958, Joe was a bush from his camp to a dollar from his first kindergarten job at 14. He just kept moving. He was a striver in Vancouver, a doghouse operator in Seattle, Canada, a bull in an every man's tail from Kootenai to San Francisco, and a miser in disguise from western Quebec to BC.

In Thompson Joe got involved — in the community, business, politics. And he says that for that he should thank Isaacson's Nicksel, the company that owns the Thompson mine.

Joe was a proposal that in INCO's view. He was in the company in 1958 and the wife, Mill, was in 1962 and getting in the United States workers. He helped negotiate the new fourth firm contract.

in expensive one for INCO. Later he found the company was not paying holiday pay on bonus income — a discovery that cost it \$875,000 in the first year.

He also taught INCO as a would-be merchant in a company town, where he started a cadet business selling nickel souvenirs and gifts he designed himself to his fellow miners. It grew into a flourishing little store, which Joe still owns.

But INCO wouldn't let him sell his trunks on the mine site and then — as Joe tells it — they tried to block his attempts to rent store space in the town. His first stand on the Legislature steps, in 1964, was a demand for self-government for Thompson.

The store, which Joe says he would never have opened if INCO hadn't stopped him, selling on the mine site, was what got him into trouble with the law in 1966 — the year he went to jail three times. He refused to collect provincial sales tax from his customers, claiming that it was an illegal tax because the people had never voted for it. He paid it — more than \$30,000 out of his own pocket — over the years, he claims — but the law said the collector must pay.

So Joe went to jail. When he came out, after two or three weeks, he would usually have something in his about the "out-bid" the products in the jail at the Cdn. He would write to Communist ministers, give interviews to newspapers, becoming more and more a voice in the affairs of the province.

INCO found Joe eventually for insubordination. Joe says the real reason was that he got up at a coroner's inquest and publicly accused the company of criminal negligence in not maintaining proper safety conditions.

Then, on the job he was told by his foreman to go into the mine he considered suicide.

"Like hell," he said. "You go up there. Borowski, when you're told."

"You go to hell."

Joe called that common sense. The company called it insubordination.

THE FIRST TIME Joe Borowski saw Joe he didn't like him. He walked into a cold one night in Wyndford, Sask., for his foreman, and the look one look and decided. He's one of those guys. He might as well be saying, like I say — big, bald and beautiful.

Joe never chased women. And any man. They chased him. And, the odds, with a look of contempt, "I ain't really blame them." Joe's entire bunch of women is in love with him. He has three daughters: Debbie, 16, Karla, 14, and Sandra, 10. "Dad is too strict," they all agree, but "ain't he a dick, though? I mean, for a man his age..."

It is less what he will show you. Joe's model designs, and tell you about the poems he used to write, and how they had to stop going to movies with other couples because it became embarrassing. Joe used to cry so much.

TWO SEASONS of Highway and Public Works by running himself on an inflated rubber roll on his little piece of road. He recently bought a 10-acre farm near Winnipeg and talked about his job, which, with expenses, pays about \$22,000 a year.

Joe worked 12 to 18 hours a day in the highway department (annual budget, \$40 million) and now he's been given public works in well. When would he find the money. He didn't know, but he'd find it because it was one before him. "The way they're running it now, it's not working properly at all. They're clock-watchers. They think they've got jobs for life. Well, I've got news for them. They've got a job as long as they're serving the public, and no longer."

Joe says highways is "the closest place in the world to take away with running like an out-and-out crook. I've had a whole bunch of propositions from people who offer me a piece of the action for giving

them advance information on where highway construction is going to take place. There's a lot of money here made in this province that way. You know, if you come from a poor family, and you're not too well off yourself, and you belong to a poor party that's \$40,000 in debt... it makes you think sometimes I guess that's why the Premier appointed me to highways. Because he figured I was incorruptible."

JOE BOROWSKI'S love affair with government began, and almost ended, on the same day. His first day as an MLA. The disappointment of his life "I used to think all these men who sat in the House were God-like creatures, oracles. And I got into the Legislature and find jackasses and drunks. Pulling asleep in the House, going through their bills, making paper dolls." Since then, he's become more tolerant, more realistic — but he remains as defiant.

In his days as the Legislature, Joe used to get into debates with the young people who hung around. About violence as a means of fighting the system. The young radicals figured Joe and they were afraid to lead them in their minds to destroy the system. But Joe didn't want to destroy the system, only to change it. The radicals laughed and called him naive. Drury, they said. That's the only way, Borowski disagreed. "We are in a position to do things that men dream of all their lives. And we're doing 'em."

But he has also learned the politician's art of qualification, because he adds: "I'm not saying we're going to re-structure the system into Utopia. But it's going to be a hell of a lot better in Manitoba than it has been for the past 100 years."

He'd like to run into these kids again, those friends from the sleeping-bag days. So he would say to them: "Well, what have you been up to lately?" □

Here's George Sloan with the twenty-three reasons why he bought a Sun Fund Annuity.



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George Sloan bought a Sun Fund Annuity

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SUN LIFE OF CANADA





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Try it tonight with cola, tonic, in a cocktail or on the rocks.



The Successful Canadian?



Uh-Uh

For Canadians success does NOT mean the big bank account, the mansion, the Caddy. Our national poll shows that this is the country where nice guys finish FIRST.



MARTIN GOLDFARB
REPORT

CANADIANS HAVE TURNED their backs on the Affluent Dream. Success — that ring-it word — no longer means, as the Oxford Concise Dictionary would have it, the "attainment of wealth or fame or position." No. Canadians, it seems, value success, but not by, strictly, intelligence is a much more important clue to success than money and a sense of humor is more necessary to it than faith in God or a job that pays a lot.

These startling findings come to light in the fourth **Maclean's** **QUALITY** Report, a study commissioned from Martin Goldfarb Consultants, one of Canada's leading social research firms. This study, based on a statistically reliable sample poll covering all the provinces, paints a picture of a people consciously down to earth in their self-measure and expectations, a people — as Martin Goldfarb says — "reclaiming traditional

values they don't want to lose."

Think for a moment of the standard portrait of success: the fat cat with a fancy home, a big car, a beautiful woman, wrapped in the risk of money. Vance Packard, in *The Status Seekers*, said it all through the mouth of a man he called "one of the big achievers, successful people who pretty much run things." This is what he said: "First, let my money be most important. In

[illegible]

Even the old wife of the night-out man, who went to church every Sunday and put his teeth in food and the stock market, has been called into

WHAT ARE THE QUALITIES THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS?

	MALE 20-29	MALE 30-39	MALE 40-49	MALE 50-59	MALE 60-69	MALE 70-79	MALE 80-89	MALE 90-99
Trustworthy/honest	1	2	3	3	3	3	3	3
Honesty	2	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Sincerity	3	3	3	2	4	4	4	3
Intelligence	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	4
Late	5	4	6	4	2	7	6	6
Easy to get along with	6	7	7	7	3	6	9	9
Projection of self-confidence	7	9	5	6	7	9	9	9
Intelligent wife/husband	8	10	8	10	7	3	7	7
Good sense of humor	9	8	9	8	9	8	14	14
A feeling of individuality	10	6	10	9	10	16	12	12
Able to sell oneself	11	12	11	13	11	12	13	13
A job that pays a lot	12	14	16	16	13	10	5	5
Faith in God	12	13	12	12	14	13	11	11
Having family	14	12	14	13	12	14	15	15
Money	15	15	13	14	16	11	8	8
Good looking	16	17	18	17	16	15	18	18
Respectful wife/husband	17	18	17	16	17	17	17	17
Good athlete	18	16	16	18	18	18	18	18

serious question. Faith in God links health with Canadians as a measure of success — on a par with a well-paying job. Why? Churchgoing had a lot to do with being seen in church. Goldbros believes "it was as much a social as a religious thing. We're more here about it today and that shows up in our survey."

What Goldbros wants is one Vancouver contractor put it in "a purpose in life, peace of mind, a reasonable amount of security and reasonably good health."

Realism is the key to our expectations as geared to the possible, our hopes to the attainable. This reasonable view applies everywhere. In Canada, among every discernible group. While the Goldfarb researchers found some rearranging of key qualities (English speaking: Quebecers tend to rank love and ease in getting along with others relatively higher than other respondents; French Quebecers place more emphasis on having an intelligent spouse in the Maritimes where high-paying jobs are rare, more on position of origin to them and on the ability to give to them and their family), the bottom line, in all, is that comfortable British Columbia individuals rarely hold their view on a particular

able accord that cut across geographic, age, income and education lines on the fundamental importance of honesty, sincerity and trust.

As Giddards notes, "There are standards for guiding action to Canadians; they are the most important things in the development of a nation or a culture. Even our politicians have placed the emphasis in the wrong place if they talk about honor and trust; they do so cynically; they put the real pressures on provinces of bigger roads, better schools, more money. Well, Canadians are saying that there are other things more important, and our politicians aren't reading them."

This implies that some of the dominant figures in Canadian history — men such as Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mackenzie King—might be judged more harshly by today's standards. Macdonald, after all, was arrested in a malodorous jail, while Laurier was lightly known as 'The Silver Fox'. King inspired his conscience on a wartime policy of conscription if necessary, but not necessarily conscription. The Godfrey's findings suggest that, to keep our sympathy and votes, today's politician must tell us more and more honestly what he or she is up to.

Look carefully at the chart below and at the accompanying studies on the following pages. They contain some of the best news Canadians have had in a long time about the kind of people we are.

WALTER STEWART

Slight expectations



A table of cross-classifications

is. Showing actress Canada. When people were asked what kind of life they will be living over the next five years, they said such reasonable standards as to suggest to sociologist Martin Goldfarb that "our politicians are off on an entirely wrong track. Prime Minister Trudeau keeps telling us that we afford a lot of things we can't afford but I don't see. The average Canadian is not scrimping for superhighways and their schools, his wife

to settle for quite a bit less than our leaders think. If you listen to some of the big unions, you get the idea that a lot wage packet is all that anybody wants, but the survey shows that a lot of the clamor is being made by a

few people while most of the population is very reserved in their reactions.

\$25,000 over the next half decade, the average sale price of Canadian houses in the first quarter of 1970 was \$23,896 and in some markets, notably Toronto, prices average over \$30,000. Already Perforce Canadians generally have more optimism than housing experts that the shelter crisis can be brought under control.

Domestic and equally re-served in supporting family income figures from new and 1970. The average expected income — \$9,550 — is not nearly much higher, is constant dollars than we enjoy today. The last detailed study by the Commerce Bureau of Statistics showed the average family income to be \$7,600. That was in 1967 and the natural growth of the economy would carry that figure over \$9,500 by 1975. In short, C-

Again when Christians think about refinement, they do so in a markedly unambitious way. Eighth-century poets said they would be satisfied

with less than \$10,000 in the bank on retirement and only 4%—most of them already in the higher income brackets—set a goal over \$100,000. The average nationally came to \$30,000. When Macleus consulted a trust company at Long Beach, Calif., he noted that these people are bullish about a boom year.

top of a pension plan they are setting a very reasonable goal, but if the \$30,000 average is in place at a person's death, those people are in trouble after all that's only three years' income for a man earning \$10,000. In any event, nobody could accuse us of shooting too high."

Perhaps because we expect

As life in such modest circumstances continues, Canadians are planning to keep their families small. Over the next five years, 74% of respondents said they expect to have no more children and only 13% thought they would have two or more. A significant finding was that 50% of people who are unmarried and 62% of those between the ages of 25 and 34 expect to have no more children before 1975.

IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS, IN WHAT PRICE RANGE OF HOME DO YOU EXPECT TO BE LIVING?

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSEHOLDS	
Less than \$15,000	19
\$15,000-\$25,000	28
\$25,000-\$35,000	29
\$35,000-\$45,000	13
\$45,000-\$55,000	3
\$55,000-\$65,000	1
Average price, \$27,500	

IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS, IN WHAT RANGE DO YOU EXPECT YOUR FAMILY INCOME TO BE?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	
Less than \$6,000	15
\$6,000-\$8,000	15
\$8,000-\$10,000	22
\$10,000-\$12,000	19
Over \$12,000	28
Average income, \$9,540	

IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS, HOW MANY MORE CHILDREN DO YOU EXPECT TO HAVE?

Percentage of respondents	
One	11
Two	8
Three	3
Four or more	2
None	34

HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU FEEL YOU WOULD WANT TO HAVE IN THE BANK WHEN YOU RETIRE?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	
Less than \$10,000	18
\$10,000 to \$20,000	29
\$20,000 to \$30,000	18
\$30,000 to \$40,000	8
\$40,000 to \$50,000	9
\$50,000 to \$75,000	6
\$75,000 to \$100,000	4
Over \$100,000	4
Average: \$30,000	



WAS YOUR FATHER A SUCCESS?

	PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	FEB	MAY
Would you say that your father is/was successful?	78	23	23
Does/did he consider himself to be a success?	74	22	22
Does/did your mother consider him a success?	81	17	17
Does/did he think that you are going to be successful?	84	20	20



HOW YOU COMPARE YOURSELF WITH . . .

Percentage of respondents	MSM (n=1000)	LGB (n=1000)	General population
A next door neighbor	29	9	58
Their parents	46	14	39
A child's or own teacher	13	22	46
A best friend	35	10	44

Were you expected to succeed?

Four out of five Canadians think their fathers were successful and 84% of us want to be expected to make good by our parents. Although these figures reflect an apparent optimism, they also show in Martin Gaidis' points out that one Canadian in every five is dissatisfied with the accomplishments of his father and one out of every 10 feels sorry is expected by his own parent to be a failure." The Gaidis' researchers found there was a much greater tendency (88%) of people under the age of 25 to praise their fathers as successful than in the over 55 age group, where the figure was 67%.

How do you compare with your neighbor?

When Canadians were asked to compare themselves with friends and neighbors, interesting results emerged. Almost half of the respondents think they are more successful than their parents and about four in 10 feel they are equally successful, but people are hesitant to say they are either more or less successful than a next-door neighbor, a teacher or a best friend. In all cases we tend to rank ourselves equally or slightly below by comparison.

How hard does a successful man work?

Canadians believe that a man doesn't have to work too hard to be successful. Half believe the man who succeeds does not work more than 40 hours a week, 40% believe he works between 40 and 50 hours and only one in 10 believes more than 50 hours a week are required. Significantly, the higher the income and the greater the education of respondents the more hours they think are required: 17% of those earning more than \$12,000 a year think 50 to 60 hours a week are necessary, compared to 3% of those in the under \$4,000 bracket, 61% of those who have not completed high school think fewer than 40 hours are enough, compared to 38% of those with university training. Just for the record, the average Canadian workweek came to exactly 40 hours in manufacturing industries last year.



HOW MANY HOURS A WEEK DOES A SUCCESSFUL MAN WORK?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	
Fewer than 30	4
30-40	49
40-50	36
50-60	7
60-70	2
70-80	2



The candlelight compliment

Going out to dinner is more than a pleasant ritual; it is a conspicuous symbol of success in the eyes of Canadians. Out of 15 independent restaurants, the successful man takes his family out to dinner once a week, while only two out of 10 think he is too busy or too mean to take them out weekly. By Cultureplex — and this may reflect the reaction of people who actually pick up the bill — there is less tendency among people in the higher income brackets to invite success and dining out, 85% of those whose annual earnings are \$12,000 and over said the successful man does not eat as fast weekly, compared to 19% in the \$4,000-\$7,000 salary range. In fact dining out is becoming less

Sexness is not excess

The element of success in the movie cliché is, quite simply, sex. The computerized male draws women because he is a success, the sexual, virile, successful, her success by the man she draws. Well that's not the way Canadians see it, to us the successful man is no sexual athlete. Of those who rated as spinners more than half said the successful man had sex only once or twice a week, while only 3% thought he would have it more than five times. Men tend to rate their activities higher than do women (33% of males said three to five times a week compared to 22% of females) and single people rate theirs higher than married folks (43% of single respondents set the frequency rate of three or more a week over

more popular in Canada and restaurant sales increased by about 50% between 1980 and 1989. According to Jack Hovring, Executive Vice-President of the Canadian Restaurant Association, "Most diners eat with a take-home of \$10.00 and over eat out at least once a week. The star of makes your reservations early.

HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DOES A SUCCESSFUL MAN TAKE HIS FAMILY OUT TO DINNER?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	
Once	59
Twice	10
Three times	2
Four times	20
None	20

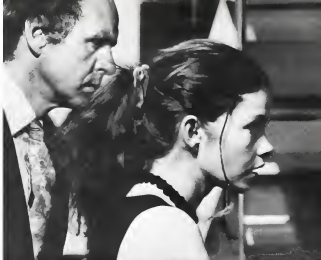
pared to 28% of married or seconded). A fairly high percentage of Ontario respondents (26%) would not comment on this question, while the number was comparatively low in Quebec (22%) among English-speaking Quebecers, 17% among French. When all the figures were tabulated, the Golden's researchers came up with a sexual frequency of 2.7 times per week for the successful Canadian.

HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DOES A SUCCESSFUL MAN HAVE SEX?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	
Once or twice	41
Three-five times	26
Five-10 times	3
10-15 times	3
Not Not Sure	30

What IS success to you?

- ☐ "Doing something well, being able to prove oneself." (An elderly Princeton housewife.)
- ☐ "Security: Love of family and friends. Moderately good finances. Peace of mind." (A young Vancouver lawyer.)
- ☐ "To be happy in your home and work, the feeling you are achieving something in it. Contentment." (A young Calgary engineer.)
- ☐ "A type of fulfillment to say 'I do to do things I always wanted to do and to be with people that I would be happy with.' (A young lady bus driver in Edmonton.)
- ☐ "A good life. A successful marriage and a family that loves you as a family." (An elderly Quebec housewife.)
- ☐ "Happiness at home and at work. Enough money to take care of unexpected but minor surprises." (A young Winnipeg mechanic.)
- ☐ "A job with self-satisfaction enough money to satisfy your own and your family's needs." (A middle-aged Toronto engineer.)
- ☐ "Reaching the highest level you can in everything." (A young Toronto salesman.)
- ☐ "A comfortable home, a wife and children and a job that makes this possible." (A middle-aged Kingston, Ont., housewife.)
- ☐ "Success is to aim for a goal in life to get it and to do something worthwhile with it." (A young Quebecer woman.)
- ☐ "I don't want to ask any body for anything, but on the other hand I would like to help somebody to become as successful as me." (A middle-aged truck department head in Montreal.)
- ☐ "To have courage, ambition and not to be scared of work." (A French Canadian lawyer.)
- ☐ "To do the best you can with everything you have and it is more self-satisfaction than getting a lot of money." (A French-speaking librarian in Montreal.)
- ☐ "Being up on our children well and being happy with our husbands." (A middle-aged female Myko Quebecer woman in Quebec City.)
- ☐ "Moving enough to live on." (A retired New Brunswick man.)



The Birth Of A Movie



Starring Paul Almond
Genevieve Bujold
Master Matthew Almond



With: Patti Jaques
Mayor Jean Drapeau
Sundry Cab Drivers
And the angriest
parking attendant in
downtown Montreal

Screenplay:
Alan Edmonds
Photography:
Don Newlands

[illegible]

Take One, Scene 1, Tuesday

Breakfast is a fairly affair, for once. Catherine usually doesn't see the morning until long after Paul is observing early jagger. Today she is more reluctant to get up than usual, his past returned from Spain where she made The Trojan Women with Katharine Hepburn and Vanessa Redgrave. But this morning the wheelchair attendant upon chattering The Art Of The Fleet is to begin. Reporter due 9:30 a.m. Paul easily breakfasts. Then at Paul's home recreation.

Her attention wanders. She gets up, looks under the coffee pot, telephone pad, behind toaster, wanders aimlessly. Generative smokes a lot, usually runs out at night to make sure there's always a morning supply; the housekeeper hides cigarettes, but never tells Generative where, otherwise that'd be smoked the night before.

In this scene she finds one under the candlestick in the living room pulls hungrily, goes to change. She and Paul sleep on the third floor, which is more comfortable than the first floor where the living room is straight from House Beautiful has pillows, a zebra rug, elegant furniture as well as two white rat cages.

Pierre Jacques, would be film producer who here plays the Almodóvar-implicatured efficient promotion aide, arrives with a reporter. Genevieve smoozes ear: Paul finds her crying "I can't do it, not yet I can't," she says.

Penn apologizes to the reporter: "Conservative really isn't well," she says. She is down to 53 pounds, and that's

13 pounds underweight, but she had to lose it for *The Trojan Women*."

Section 1.

Peel crates lanky (an foot one inch) lunge onto the family car, a two-year-old groan MG two-seater. Likes old to play glamorous film maker as an inevitably dumpy CBC radio studio then returns to the parking lot.

The student wants 15 cents. Paid searches products comes up. Empathized. He doesn't put stand there. He shifts around, arms and legs working, as though standing still were impossible. "Wow! I'm fortunate to bring my money," he says. "Look, I'm coming back to the stands later. I'll pay you then." Parking for around—say, \$100. Leave that ring in security, then you can take the air. That ring is a terrific little wedding band of hard-core gold, "hell," says Park. It's his old car, drives home collect a wallet, goes back to the parking lot, pays with a \$20 bill.
Some A.

Day 7

interviewer. The plan does not fit the Marquette Hotel mold, says an Almond source. Among the cast of the scenario is a writer who says the film is full-fledged Paul Almond, even to the point of spontaneous combustion. He is usually in full flight. A friend from his days as a drama producer in the golden Palms of CBE television says that Paul has his feet planted firmly in reality. The Almond character probably couldn't survive outside his milieu. He wouldn't survive up to the bottom-down behavior required of men of accomplishment in other worlds.

One brandy in the bar, then a despatch of beer, a few minutes later, he was almost run down by a Royal Mail truck as he got out of Penn's Inquest car. Remember that Almond, our star, is at this stage in high, off-and-running, promoting his film with the sort of nerve-madness that he must have to make a movie in the first place. Almond goes up and, in another, demonstrates how he savored his brush with the Royal Mail.

Figure 4.

Long shot to the corner of Guy and Dorchester. Paul is going to meet Catherine at the CBC television studios for a joint appearance on a live TV show. As he crosses a bus swings around the corner. He jumps, "Damn people who drive buses." He adds, quickly. But they do have a rough time on Dorchester, according to Daddy with all this construction." Catherine's father is still a bus driver.

Cut to television reception room
Enter Genevieve looking sorry, and
the ultra-naïve Miss Jackson. A floor-



movie-marketing
madness

A saga that bares the loves, hates and fears of a man and



some where people are relating to each other. If Genevieve had fallen in love with Don Suberlin, the film would have been a disaster. But if she were only in love with me, her husband, behind the camera, that would be mostly disastrous. She has to be free to relate romantically to all the women that are going on; all the characters she is with. It's incredibly subtle. *Wow! Is it over?*

(Remember, this character Almond does talk in endowment marks. If, in conversation, he is frustrated with a novel point of view with which he concurs, he actually does say "Wow! Fantastic!") It is very rewarding for whoever expressed the point of view.) **Scene 5.**

An old hand for Baz Luhrmann, promotion executive with Universal Films of Canada is talking. He is doubtful if *Wow!* will make money. To do so it would have to gross more than two million dollars, at international box offices. By the time the exhibitor takes his cut and Universal takes film-related charges and distribution fees, all the way you have paid over \$300,000 left out of which you have to repay Universal who put up the \$500,000 production cost, and

paid to the Canadian Film Development Corporation, which put up the other half.

What's Universal's interest in films of dubious profitability? Well, the company negotiated two years ago that Almond was important to a national film industry. Almond gives Genevieve films out to be technically excellent as Hollywood's.

Take Two, Scene 1, Wednesday
At 9:15 a.m. Genevieve appears in simple maid, chewing gum because she has a wisdom tooth coming through. "I close pain to change my mind," she says, muttering prominently. "To take my mind off it." Enter Peter Jago, too smiling. Paul and Genevieve are going to home of girl broadcaster to do interview for CKGM-PM. Genevieve takes baby Matthew.

Girl broadcaster is an earnest intellectual on her mid-twenties who says her name (which has to do with Don Suberlin) is to be an instrument through which people communicate. She serves tea, into microphone in front bowl on floor. Genevieve looks up at maid, squints Buddha-like.

They talk about love, which Paul says is what *Wow!* is about, and the rhythm of life, because this radio sta-

tion likes the subjects that preoccupy the young, bra-less and braless. Paul says you can't talk about living the world around you until you love one other person first.

Then everyone roundly condemns the extraneous way of life and its artificiality, and Peter Jago says heaps to my they are on the air at radio station in 10 minutes. Another cab Genevieve says the likes interviews when the questions mean something. Cut to interior of cab. It is now noon. In the hours they've done four radio shows between them. "Matthew, you've missed your pants," says Genevieve. Paul miffs, says "I know." Genevieve says "He's not on your lap. You don't have that feeling of warm familiarity spreading through your clothes."

Scene 2.
Paul and Genevieve are due at Studio 41, CKRC-TV at 5 p.m., to film 30-second statements for a program about women. The cab driver goes the wrong way and fails to follow Peter's instructions, and when the license has, he says: "If you're not happy in this cab, get out." At the next stoplight Paul, Genevieve and Peter do that and get right into another. Their aban-



Revealed, the truth behind the glamour of a premiere—days of work and crisis, plus



the disaster of a jolly green movie



doned driver yells, warns payment. They arrive at the studio with the first driver in pursuit.

Almond makes his statement on the subject of film critics, who, he says, suffer from Philistine edicts. Genevieve is supposed to tell how a girl can get to be a film star; changes the word "how" to "because" and says that you need training and talent, plus a great sense of joy "because if you don't enjoy what you are doing, how can you expect other people to enjoy what you are doing?"

The abandoned cab driver is by now threatening. Peter with the police. As Paul and Genevieve walk past, Genevieve says "If I were a man I'd hit him." Paul says "That's what he wants you to do." Genevieve says "Yes, I suppose. I'll kick him instead." She doesn't. The trouble is, she's polychrome to avoid men, but the driver is insistent.

Scene 3.

There are three more newspaper interviews, that, about 10 minutes. Peter takes time out and is next seen having coffee with friends, telling them Genevieve is shy and still finding herself in a person and that Paul is wonderful but that she couldn't work with them again because they are both so difficult. Paul starts on knowing every detail. Genevieve has to be reached through the emotions. As in, "If you don't turn up, a lot of people will be disappointed." Not. "You promised."

Take Three, Scene 1, Thursday

Day of the premiere. Morning. Paul is up early, juggling spends the morning arranging the New York premiere scheduled for the following week, this lands Paul at the cinema in the Plaza de Canada beneath the Chateau Champlain hotel.

There are two prints of *Wow!*. One is a used print and the second track goes, clickety-click, clickety-click. The other print is new, and everything, the supposedly white films, the stars' faces, the snow everything has a greenish hue. "Chris, oh! I'd do when she sees herself like that," Almond tells the projectionist. They decide to try marginally films to tell the green. Almond leaves to collect Genevieve and go to City Hall to meet Mayor Jean Drapeau.

Through all these scenes the stars have been in contrast in style. Genevieve, changing her dress for each occasion, always elegant, always moist. Paul, always mangled. Genevieve, never but passed. Paul effervescent.

Scene 2.

After saving the city's VHS book, a drink on the city hall terrace. The drink, Genevieve drinks, it is a point of view of post and beauty. "It's a trick," she tells Paul. "Don't have a

refill" (he doesn't). Instead, he tells Mayor Drapeau he thinks *Wow!* should be banned downtown.

Cut to scenes at Place de Canada. Genevieve is to use part of both prints. It's clickety-click versus green line is applied by look. She sits, tired but angry, in the cinema lobby.

Paul goes... I am not going to look like a fool. Or neither, please. Paul sends her home to rest, begins shipping organization into the projection staff and cinema executives. Now it is possible to see how this apparently wildly disorganized meeting and film made. His mind dances around, covering of possibilities. Lens filter. An old print used when this faded *Wow!* into French. Clicking filter to clean the old print. Maybe a certain lens in amplifier aimed level to kill the clickety-click like pain, triffid, sits down, jumps up telephones, stitches out on the picture counter.

The word comes that Donald Suberlin will not be at the opening. He is in New York.

Scene 3.

Some 3:05, Chateau Champlain. A cocktail party for people involved in making the film, champagne, a full-on bar, not enough time. Then a final press reception.

Paul says his films are about the individual in relation to himself, rather than society, which is a pity in some ways because the contemporary film is most successful when there is an anti-social statement. Genevieve says it's more difficult working with her husband than other directors. "Because art is synonymous with mystery and mystery and when you are married and you know him so well, and vice versa, both elements are pulled rather than sharp." However, she feels "a kind of unique freedom with him."

And then the long walk down to the theatre where this crowd is beginning to form. Tall, smiling man, very enthusiastic who smiles graciously for photographers. The suits husband. "Do I look stupid?" And he smiles for photographers and says: "No."

They stand at the theatre entrance, greeting friends, shaking hands with the English, exchanging kisses with French Canadians. Then Paul disappears to tend another crisis in the projection. Genevieve holds the fort alone. Montreal's newspaper and television papers catch like locusts, and a *Le Soleil* girl takes a picture on a happy-go-lucky and says: "Admire." Mrs. Boudry, I want to tell you this is the happiest birthday of my life. How did I know?

Cut to different camera. Paul Almond is introduced, runs to the microphone like a boxer trying to be

(continued on page 55)

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MOVIE continued

ring, says a few appropriate words and returns to his seat. The film rolls. It's the obligatory drink, print after all. "A kiss by Paul Almond" and what's that? A new credit line. "A Jennings Lang Production."

Jennings Lang is the Universal executive who decided to back the film. He wanted his name on it, so Rich Belton of Universal has slipped out a section of what he thought was simply black-and-white film and inserted the new credit line. The trouble is the first line of Henry Cavendish's credits were on the soundtrack, of that stop-and-go pace. Almond skipping out to attend the opening of the French version of the film, leads Cavendish by the arm like a bird.

Cut to lobby of hotel. Almond walks out in limousine. Cavendish almost tripping. A four-cop motorcycle escort gets them to the theatre on time for the French opening. Floodlights, a crowd, cheering. They stand nervously in the lobby. The audience has lined up, waiting. What to do to create a sense of glamorous excitement?

Cavendish walks to the doors, opens them, begins to shake hands with the crowd. A bearded man rushes forward, half yanks her into the crowd, slams her on the cheek. "I had to, I had to," he yells. Cavendish, at first shocked, smiles, blows her a kiss.

Then the motorcycle goes back to the Place du Canada, for the end of the English premiere. The credits take. This time to the after-the-premiere party.

The party has maybe 250 beautiful people and artists and actors and embryo film makers and reporters and long hair and voluminous bouffant flying around the dance floor to the raucous beat of a rock group. Take Five. Morning after.

Paul is being interviewed about the past three days. "It's fascinating, isn't it? This week I was thinking it was the most important thing to do. But this morning I think, well, what are we doing to ourselves?"

Enter Cavendish. In the 10 minutes before the next radio interview, the picture on the cover of the magazine must be shot. "Use a soft-focus lens," she says. "I look like hell after last night."

Fade out.

Epilogue.

The *Act Of The Heart* received a modest prize. Some critics hated it, some loved it. It did not win the award for the best Canadian film of the year, which went to Almond, but it did win him the best-director award and the best-screen award for Mrs. Murphy. □

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The Battle For A Place Under Your Christmas Tree

Santa's Little Helpers are wishing each other all the worst for the festive season

By Jon Ruddy

WHAT IS THERE about making playthings for kiddies that brings out the combatant in a man? Among Canadian toy makers this fall the talk was all of national defense ("So how can a little country beat off the Barbie doll?"), propaganda ("Kiddies today are brainwashed by Keweenaw commercials"), the space race ("Listen. It's dead. You can't move a Moon Saver"), assassinations ("They go in cycles: jungle, war, secret agent"), aggression ("We're debasing the opposition with this little item"), secret weapons ("There are certain materials that will replace plastic"), and espionage ("Who stole the Subre-Lite truck chassis? It was not Superman flying in through the window").

Much though not all of the talk emanated from 50-year-old Reliable Toy Co. Ltd. in Toronto's Chinatown where nighty machines oiled Elephant Safari Gears and forestable Indians in bushbuck would haul paint bannons on Chaplinesque assembly lines. The eye of this storm was a toady degree office belonging to the toy king of Canada (so proclaimed in Reliable press releases), the Peck's Bad Boy of the industry (self-admitted), the president of Canada's oldest toy firm (undisputed), E. Maurice Grossman. Handsome, superbly tailored, a little under life size as befits the manufacturer of 35-inch Silo-Mobiles, Grossman resembles a favorite uncle — except in his business strategies, when he is no more viceroy than a DeBourgh president.

"Maurice is a misguided fellow, a publicity hound who unfortunately has to shoot his mouth off," says one major competitor. Unfortunately for the competition, that is. Seen as a sort of anti-Santa by the trade, Grossman can do as wisely with the press. What could be more appealing on a dull day, for example, than charges of industrial espionage implicating the makers of toady bears and dog pans?

"I believe Reliable Toy and any other responsible toy manufacturers should no longer cover up the sleazy and outright criminal acts of a minority in the misguided notion that we are protecting the good name of the industry," announced Grossman with the pomposity of a man who had made a difficult but ethical decision. (This was at the annual Toy Fair in Montreal where chain stores and jobbers do most of their buying for the Christmas market.) The theft of eight handmade patterns for new Reliable dolls, he contended, was an obvious "inside job" that pointed up "back-alley rivalry" in the business. "There are those who believe that I shouldn't have leaked the news, that the public would never have known, and that it's done in the best of industries. As if that makes a right!"

The investigation reaction from Grossman's peers was slower, raising light of his charges would suggest only that they themselves had nothing worth stealing. More recently S. Macdonald Brown, executive vice-president of arch-rival Iron Toy Ltd., dismissed the outburst as an example of Grossman's compulsion to "say something dramatic . . . indu-



tral enterprise is the key business in a myth. We've never had anything stolen. We know what the competitors are doing and they know what we're doing. We should all like grow-ups, not like the Hardy Boys."

But the vice-president and managing director of Mattel Canada Ltd., Ross Amore, had reason to believe that some of his new toys had been stolen, though whether on behalf of competitors he would not say. And a Mattel electric car had disappeared recently in Germany, leaving Amore in guess that the firm would "have competitors for that then and now."

Mattel's new Toronto plant has electronically controlled exits, random searches of staff, identification badges for visitors and — at certain times of year — virtually impenetrable engineering and product-development labs. Barbie's first apartment there was a wooden pattern of the Sub-Line track chassis — "right out of the chief engineer's office," says Grossman. "It set us back three months. It apparently was done to retard us from coming out. Anyway, a copy never appeared on the market. Same with the dolls. We had the police and private detectives investigating. You could say we found a vulnerable employee, but we couldn't pin anything on anybody. We tightened up our security. But it's hard to stop kids when you have up to 150,000 employees."

It was the fact that Grossman wanted to make promotional capital out of the dolls, rather than any involvement of the industry's gold mine, that he begged his competitors. They were already upset over Barbie's usurpation of the title, Canada's biggest toy maker. "Irwin Toy is the biggest," says Mike Irwin. "We used to say to that in fact we are." And Mattel's Ross Amore surprises nobody by ranking Mattel "clearly the largest." A key buyer at Eaton's puts Irwin first, followed by Mattel and Montreal's Eagle Toys Ltd., with Barbie a rather distant fourth. "But I'm guessing," he says. And guessing it will continue, since none of the firms is prepared to at least disclose volume. Under the circumstances, Grossman's guess is as good as anybody else's.

There are 100-sold toy companies in Canada, in industry comprising many marginal and specialized family businesses dominated by a few giants, including U.S.-based conglomerates using imported models and other dominating landed toys shipped in from the Orient and elsewhere. Those sub-industries are joined when Grossman asserts in a promotional campaign that competitors' toys subordinated on tele-

vision sell at inflated prices. (Irwin spends \$1.6 million annually to plug in U.S.-designed toys, mostly in television. Barbie's advertising budget is \$500,000.) They are undoubtedly upset when Grossman insists that they will "have to exist" when and if Canadian protective tariffs fall. But at a time when the flow of products and ideas is overwhelmingly continued across the border, only Barbie has managed not only to flourish with Canadian designs (90% of its 1,300 toys) but also to license more than 40 of them to U.S. toy manufacturers.

The stability of Maier's Grossman helps Barbie overcome the advantages enjoyed by the subsidiaries of U.S. toy companies. His competitors are and remain Grossman's as a possibly unshakable working toy manufacturer, but can scarcely deny that the firm made one. The screen the border flew, besides the latest U.S. toy models to Canadian subsidiaries, the latest U.S. toy commercials to Canadian environments. According to the Bureau of Broadcast Measurement, 42,000 Toronto-area youngsters between two and 11 were tuned to Toronto television stations on a recent Saturday morning during the so-called Barbie phase favored by toy manufacturers. At the same time 274,000 Toronto kids were watching children in Buffalo. This unusually prompt free advertising means at border edges across the country.

The native industry has also been hampered by low-volume imports from cheap-labor areas, especially Mexico and the Orient. Imports have lifted the inflationary hit before in Canada and dominated the mid-toys market. "If we had to depend on small dolls we wouldn't be in business," says Frank Semuels, the president of Regal Toy Ltd., Barbie's only major competitor as a source of Canadian-designed toys. Semuels' brother Ben, a Regal vice-president, adds with a fine warning edge, "Mattel gets its Barbie dolls in the Orient for next to nothing and generates them up, then pushes them on television at inflated prices but we don't make fairly high profit things like that. We make dolls." [Maier] obviously denies that its prices are inflated, and maintains that it manufactures more than half its products here.)

Although they share some views and statements, Regal and Barbie maintain an uneasy-to-be-well-known "Maier's Grossman (guess if he rubs you the wrong way you'll talk about him)," says Frank Semuels. "We're not interested in doing business that way." There are other differences. Frank Semuels launched Regal in 1959 after quitting Barbie. The family business,

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TOYS *continued*

over a dispute with a brother. He has wanted since that Alex Samuels estate deceased, founded and built up Canada's oldest toy company. "I founded Reliable in 1920," he says. "I thought it was my late brother in 1924." Some of the two men are cousins in both firms, and the family is divided. Grossman, who joined Reliable in 1934 (he worked for other companies from 1931 to 1966), is not related to the Samuels family and will not comment on the dispute. Grossman believes that Frank Samuels' great hope is to start Reliable from its dominance of the market for Canadian-designed toys. "Write both in the same kind of business," Samuels admits, "and Regal's getting a little closer all the time. We're border." One of Regal's coups was to "look off" (which means, in the toy trade, to modify an existing product enough to get around any patent line) a pair of French dolls with pistols that Reliable had arranged to manufacture under license. Reliable dressed its dolls in semi-transparent pants and called them Little Brother and Little Sister. Regal's knock-offs, Baby Brother and Baby Sister, were more discreetly attired and endorsed by psychologists. "Reliable's dolls were in poor taste," says Samuels, "and they didn't sell enough to fill a bucket." (Grossman disagrees.)

Not even his worst enemies accuse Maurice Grossman of cynicism when, for example, he urges the strictest enforcement of a safety code among toy makers. Nor has his Canadianism ever been questioned. "I have had opportunities to join big American firms," he says. "I wouldn't. I consider myself a nationalist and a patriot." There is, moreover, an enduring gusto about his nationalism, shown up in his desire to compete. "If it weren't for the tariffs we would move into the States. I'd say we could possibly do twice or three times our current volume there."

Reliable's Manufacturing Committee Meeting convenes around a long table in the Decatur Room. One week the most contentious decision involved the prototype of a Mickey Mouse Ring Toss whose head was wobbling. There was much whispering back and forth of an imported pedal stealer. Maurice Grossman the toy king held up a competitor's plastic steering bar high in the air while customers craned their necks to see. Then he let it fall. There was a splashing crash. "Nasty-eight-out jack," and Grossman surveyed the wreckage with satisfaction and sucking on a Cuban cigar. "Better merchandise than this we can always make." □

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AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

Ouch!—the Dance of the Dollar can hurt your pocket

AND NOW, a lesson in how the Dance of the Dollar in the international money market can hit you in the pocket. If you don't understand why and how, you may lose money, as many investors did this year. If you do understand, it should help you make profitable investments.

Partly because Canada has done a better job of controlling inflation than most nations, the value of the Canadian dollar rose after it was pegged last June to almost par with U.S. currency. This hit the profits — and the dividends — of companies with big export markets. It also made money for exporters. For instance, a Canadian-made widget selling to the U.S. for one dollar used to pay around \$1.08 Canadian in the exporter's pocket. With our dollar up to almost par with the U.S. dollar, the profit is cut.

A change in the value of the dollar has always lurked in the background as a potential influence on the stock market, but until this year has been all but forgotten by observers, shared market analysts and investors.

They were lulled into a false sense of stability by the fact that the Canadian dollar was pegged at 92.5 cents U.S. through most of the 1960s. Early this year, with exports booming and speculators buying up our dollars, Ottawa was compelled to cut its own bank balances to keep the dollar value at its "pegged" level.

What happened was that foreign money coming in as payments for exports had to be used to buy Canadian dollars. There was so much of this foreign currency that the demand for Canadian dollars reached an unprecedented high. This made our dollars scarce and increased their value. To overcome the scarcity, Ottawa sold its own dollars into the market, primarily by buying American. By June 1 Ottawa was rich in foreign currency, poor in our own. Hence the pegging.

Pulp and paper exporters MacMillan Bloedel announced the strongest dollar cost two million dollars in net profits during the first half of the year. Papermaker Price Company reported a \$1.3 million loss in working capital and a profit cut of \$375,000 in the first half of the year. Massey-Ferguson and Alcan Aluminum didn't announce figures, but instead switched

continued on page 60r



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You can get involved. You can pick one of your United Appeal agencies. You can dig into what they're doing, learn about the new problem-solving methods they're using. You can find out their new programs to solve new problems.

Then you can do more. You can pledge more than you've ever pledged before. Or you can give more than money. You can give you. You can volunteer to work in your community campaign.

Either way, if you don't do it, it won't get done.

MONEY

to reporting their financial statements in terms of U.S. dollars.

Our primary indication here also hit. Our brokerage basic estimates that such 15% increase in the value of the Canadian dollar could cost Falconbridge Nickel Mines profits of 25 cents per share annually. Similarly, such an increase would log two cents off the price per share of International Nickel, six cents off Alcan Minerals and two cents off Rio Algom.

On the other hand, importers make money. Before importing, a U.S.-made product costing a dollar was reported for \$1.08 Canadian. Now the difference is so minimal importers make more profit — unless the saving is passed on to consumers, that is. If usually not.

Thus there is exporting companies will be worth less, produce less dividends. Conversely, importing companies share values and dividends may be expected to rise.

There is another way in which the dollar dancing up and down the value scale hits companies. A firm with, say, a \$100-million investment in Germany Inc. now would have found its assets denominated in terms of Canadian dollars to around \$93 million. Another company with a \$10-million debt in the U.S. actually benefits, because it will pay off the debt with more valuable Canadian dollars.

The de-gearing of the Canadian dollar was a classic demonstration of how currencies — the dollar particularly — can change in value both substantially and quickly. But the really important part of the lesson is that experts predict currencies will dance up and down more frequently. So before investing, examine the prospects for the money market.

Imports and exports are a guide. Heavy exports sell stronger the dollar while heavy imports will weaken it — unless the two balance one another. Before evaluating this situation, check which corporations are either big exporters or importers, remembering that what one can lose the other can gain.

Companies must be considered in their merits. An exporter who dominates his market abroad can raise his prices to meet dollar-value fluctuations; an importer who rules his domestic market can also demand price increases. In both cases the outcome the potential losses.

Above all, ask your broker about these factors when considering a stock. If he can't tell you, change brokers. □

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Man, you've never tasted Vitamin-C so good! Or if

you're one of the Martini-for-lunch-bunch, latch onto an olive and a little vermouth. Then again, maybe

a Bloody Mary is your cup of cheer. Alberta Vodka has a cool thing going with tomato juice. The Bloody Mary... ruddy fine! And say...want to do a maraschino a favour? Go ahead, garnish a Gimlet...not forgetting, the green and gracious lime. (It once scuttled scurvy.) How about cranberry juice and vodka? A wild new thing! That's the way it is with vodka. Especially

Alberta Vodka! Oh, and one more thing, the proof of a good Vodka is in the drink it makes... so who needs a Russian-sounding name to make a great everything!



AT YOUR SERVICE: FOOD & DRINK

THE SCIENCE OF NUTRITION IS SO IMPORTANT that nobody has the right answer on what and how to eat. A little learning is a dangerous thing, and the taboos, misconceptions, "sensational advice" and old wives' tales on food are as numerous as they are incredible. Yet every day countless numbers of people forfeit part of their freedom by avoiding this food or that food or by not eating food cooked in a particular manner. The fact is that most dietary restrictions are unnecessary, most advice on nutrition is more opinion than science. Those who limit their pleasure in food by following such advice, or by acting more on the counsel of experts than on the advice of their own physiology, ignore the central rule of rational eating: that the healthy man, like the healthy animal, eats what he needs. My purpose here is to outline and, hopefully, to dispel some of the needless restrictions imposed by the three main sources of misinformation on diet: experts, tradition, and doctors.

The experts write books and sell them in the millions. Some, such as Gaylord Hauser, make a profitable and life-long business out of it. Others with even less science become famous with a single book. Dr. D. C. Jarvis of Vermont wrote a best-seller entitled *Folk Medicine*. The gist of this curious book was that the panacea for all ills, the cure for everything from headaches to cancer, was — to say nothing of quantity in women and cows — was apple cider, vinegar and honey. No matter what ailed you, a lick of honey and a drag from the vine, your barrel brought you back fighting fit, ready to eating the steaks from the other side of Vermont. The book sold more than 500,000 copies in hard covers, and went through at least 21 printings in the paperback edition. When it comes to advice on what to eat to be healthy, the pitiable apparently will eat anything.

Even the more reliable experts, such as Adelle Davis, cannot resist the temptation to play God. In her book *Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit*, Miss Davis, so warm, her trusting reliance on the need for an adequate protein intake that they must, the very next morning have a breakfast such as her family had "on our 10,000-acre farm when I was a youngster. We had hot cereal, steaks, ham and/or

Dr. Shepherd is a nutritionist. He has also practiced holistic medicine, worked among the underprivileged in Peru and is now a nutrition practitioner at Montreal's Jewish General Hospital. He is married and has three children.

Diets Be Damned: Eat, Drink And Be Merry For Your Body Knows Best

BY R. W. SHEPHERD, M.D.



eggs, huge portions of sausage or bread (shaken with country gravy. This for breakfast! She doesn't say what one should have for lunch.

In this one chapter Miss Davis makes more unsubstantiated dietary claims than a starving man could eat in a week. She suggests that combined drinking in public and political life is due to low blood sugar, and that goose sugar levels underlie the high rate of automobile accidents. Blackouts, poisons, divorce, cigarette consumption, alcoholism, fatigue, depression and other afflictions. She continues: "Add a few pans, gas pits or razor blades and you have the stuff murders and suicides are made of." The delivery of

every citizen, and indeed of nations, rests on a sugar cube. Miss Davis has said so.

The trouble is that such people as Adelle Davis, Gaylord Hauser, Dr. Jarvis, Catherine Wood (*Real Life At Midway*), Sylvia Scheraga (*Love Must Go Low*), Carl Carlson Wade (*Woman's Health, The Master Key*), Roger J. Williams (*Nutrition In A Nutshell*) have a wide following. Many read them. Many believe them. Even when they come to harm, and even if they don't expect harm, the result is the same: a weakening of the natural instinct of their readers and the creation of a state of psychological

dependencies. Instead of eating as they wish, people eat according to a book. Instead of eating foods they enjoy, they must restrict what the foods cause from and how they were processed. They no longer follow the guide of their own body mechanisms, but slavishly follow the fad of one expert after another.

Even then, they have no peace. Dr. W. D. Carmichael, National Secretary of the American Academy of Nutrition, writes that if you follow the advice of the nutritionists it won't do you much good. "Our souls today," he says in the introduction to *Adelle Davis's* book (published in 1954), "are mostly malnourished or poor, and hence the plums do not contain proper or essential nutrients. The animals that eat these

plumes become a jangle of conflicting drives and prohibitions.

In addition, I don't mean the Jewish prohibitions of pork at the Hindu avoidance of beef, or the Muslim Friday, for those are religious beliefs that an individual follows or not, according to his conviction. What I mean are the ingrained personal eating habits arising from routine, and from social and parental attitudes.

Such as eating when you are not hungry, three or four times a day. Such as knocking the food on your plate.

Such as eating peas if you're Italian, beef if you're Argentinean, rice if Chinese.

Such as not eating a large meal before going to bed since "you shouldn't

— fat intake, not fat others. Each glass of milk contains the equivalent of a pat of butter and the obvious danger of excessive calcium fat to those who drink a lot of it. Glass by glass, whole milk may be more dangerous for some than beer or even whiskey. Normalizing the production of the dairy industry, with consumption will fall markedly in the next decades. The switch to 2% and skim milk is already well advanced. The point is that, since a person's appetite grows by what he feeds on, early family patterns of eating become of first importance and their rules handed down from generation to the next.

But for sheer absurdity of habit nothing can touch the rules a man discovers for himself about his own stomach. Food habits was and was, familiar patterns arose, but the longstanding belief that certain foods are harmful are often based for life. As Dr. R. B. Stuker points out in *What Parents Should Eat*, the idea that certain foods may be bad is so deeply held that dietary deficiencies and lack of vitamins may occur as a result. "These food rules, which should be discarded, and any attempt to break the habit meets with strong resistance."

Take the matter of food allergies. For every true food allergy there are thousands of "allergic" reactions to milk products, meats, nuts, vegetables, you-name-it-and-I'll-break-out-a-bitch-it-least. And they do break out in fits when they eat it. I had a patient who used to be allergic to liver. He happened to have a type of steatitis for which liver was recommended, but he audaciously refused to touch it. At a party one night he ate a number of liver has *diversus* without knowing it, and enjoyed them. When I told him what he had done, he would not believe it, so he ate another, with the greatest of hesitation, and promptly got sick and broke out in welts. The reaction was real enough, but due to preposterous factors rather than liver.

The tendency that our bodies are profoundly influenced by our needs surprises no one. And if people's stomachs turn at the sight of blood, or develop cramps or ulcers in season to stress, why not a milk reaction to liver? How did it develop? Does your patient now eat liver? Of course not, as I said, he broke out in welts.

The same is true of a large variety of misapprehensions. How often does one hear people say, "Oh, I can't eat that. It's tried in to fat." Yet two researchers from England, Diana Taggart and B. P. Dillington, recently reported on a controlled study with patients

who claimed their digestive symptoms were due to fatty foods, or to food tried in fat. More than 92% of those studied did not experience their symptoms when the same quantity of foods tried in fat were so digested as to be unrecognizable to them.

For some people these self-imposed diets lead to malnutrition, for others to a life pattern of caution and dread. An elderly patient of mine required major surgery in hospital. In taking her history I found that for 30 years she had stubbornly avoided all roughage in her diet. A doctor had once told her that high-meat foods such as stringy vegetables, rough cereals, meats, some fruits and fish would aggravate the bowel condition she had at that time. From then on she had become a virtual dietary invalid, never eating out, never traveling. She could visit only those friends and relatives who would prepare her meals specially and though she planned to travel when her husband died she never left home.

After her operation, I was able to persuade her to eat everything just before her. To her astonishment, she suffered no ill effects. Later she made a remark I will never forget: "Oh, Doctor — all those years of misery for nothing." It was then that I decided to start speaking and writing about medical and scientific misconceptions in diet and health.

Fortunately many of my colleagues do the same. Since 1940 there has been a shift in medical thinking, away from the conservatism that kept many on a bed for a week following child, birth, men or their backs for a week after a coronary, and all kinds of people on strict diets, liver diets, rice diets, milk-free diets, diets for diabetes, hepatitis, arthritis, colitis and gastritis. Sections of textbooks were given over to theoretical discussions on the benefits of certain foods in various conditions.

But the liberalization of thought since the war changed many theories, including the reliance on theory. Doctors now want proof of a medical claim before accepting it. For example, it was written in textbooks that red, spicy, or rough foods would irritate the raw surface of a gastric or duodenal ulcer, or stimulate and aggravate or spasm. Hence the bland "sterile diet" of milk, cream and eggs. But since the war doctors have asked what evidence exists that spicy foods aggravate a duodenal ulcer. How about the patients with active ulcers who get better without treatment, and often by eating whatever they like?

Robert Brighton in Toronto did a

(continued on page 66)

Vive la différence!

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plants cannot have the proper food chemicals in their meat, milk, or eggs. After the processing or improper cooking of these foods further deteriorates them." So there we have it. The soils are leached out, the plants deficient, the animals suffer. At this rate it hardly seems worth having food!

Uncertainty breeds uncertainty, first grows on fear. With so many expert panels ready to convert half knowledge into book sales or a reputation, or both, more and more people live in a state of chronic worry over what and how to eat. Now add the underlying taboos and restrictions of tradition — the second poor guide to good eating — and one of life's fears:

go to sleep on a full stomach! Or eating a hefty meal at bedtime since "you shouldn't go to sleep on an empty stomach."

Or not drinking before meals, since foods "disturb the gastric juices."

Or drinking with every meal, especially milk. Most parents are obsessed with the milk consumption of their young and treat them into a lifelong and dangerous habit. A parent of mine was genuinely proud that each of her four children drank up to two quarts of milk a day. To my astonishment that was less than she estimated. "But, Doctor, milk is the perfect food."

Of course milk is the perfect food

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FOOD & DRINK

study with alcoholics who had bleeding gastric ulcers. He found one group with the traditional, bland, alcohol diet, the other with whatever they wanted to eat, including alcohol. The latter group improved more rapidly than the former, at least, according to Berglund, because they suffered less trauma than their friends on the wagon.

R. D. Palmer is Italianan went further. In charge of a ward where patients with severe ulcers were treated with the milk and activated gel diet, he discovered a patient complex that a diet of pancreas and shaving cream would do as well. An investigator at heart, Palmer divided treatment patients into two groups of 30—a milk gel one with the carbohydrate bland diet and the other with cranked pancreas and shaving cream. Both groups improved equally. Palmer reasoned that the healing of ulcers had less to do with diet than he being right in his belief, away from the stresses of home and work. His conclusion: "There is no evidence that dietary treatment plays any part in either preventing healing of a gastric ulcer, or in preventing relapses."

The same can be said about most radical diets. There is no evidence to justify dietary restrictions in liver disease, liver cirrhosis, some and other liver conditions, ulcerative colitis and other diseases of the small bowel and colon. The low-carbohydrate diet of the past may actually aggravate conditions such as diverticulitis by depriving the gut the bulk it requires to cure the condition completely.

In an enlightening issue, the idea that Nature knows best may seem naive, but the fact remains that the natural choice is often as far ahead of any medical alternative that we would do well to heed it. At least until we know we can improve on it. Too many dietary revivals and fad diets have been created by well-meaning but misinformed physicians to condemn the protein now.

But don't get ahead of us in the over-weight. We make a fetish of reducing diets, a sickness out of being fat. Clearly some people are more than they need and wish more than they could. From all available statistical evidence they seem slightly more fit—more prone than the lean and live a year or two less. But I believe there are more fat people than obese people, some obese is a medical term implying sickness, whereas many of the heaviest are constitutionally or psychologically that way, and prefer to live free and fat rather than diet and live over on a diet.

From JULIUS SCHMID

harmless, acceptable, effective family planning

Medical research in the last few decades has made significant contributions to our knowledge of the reproductive process and the ways and means of controlling it. This in turn has provided a choice of methods that can be selected upon for family planning.

What if you and your husband are considering the form of the birth control that is best for you, we suggest that you discuss with your doctor and your physician the relative advantages of the various methods that are available.

The variety of birth control techniques now includes: the pill, vaginal creams and jellies for use with and without a diaphragm, the IUD (intrauterine contraceptive device or "coil") and the prosthesis.

Most of these products and devices are manufactured by Julius Schmid of Canada Limited, a company that is well known to your doctor and pharmacist.

One of the best known and most widely used devices is the prosthesis, also known as the Coitus interruptus or sheath. It provides a harmless, acceptable and effective approach to reliable family planning.

It is frequently the first method used by neophytes, when the couple agrees that the husband will be responsible for contraception. And many often it remains the family planning method of choice for all of married life.

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continued on page 58

This is not to say diet has no place in medical treatment. Diabetics should avoid a lot of sugar. Infants with phenylketonuria will be strictly restricted unless they follow a special diet to age five. There are people allergic to some foods. There are people sensitive to fat. But there are clearly established conditions requiring special care and should not influence the diet of those free to eat as they wish. There is altogether too much publicity given to disease and abnormality and not enough written or said about good health and the freedom that goes with it.

What I am saying here is that incontrovertible evidence on what to eat is hard to come by, and since what is known about nutrition is only a small part of what is not known, remember, before you hand yourself over to a doctor, a diet, or an expert, that you are a pretty fair expert yourself. If you have to be told what to eat, listen to yourself. You do it when you're sick, or when raising a fever, so why not when you are well?

In a Chicago experiment with young children, they were offered free and unlimited quantities of foods, including chocolate, candies, cakes, cream — the lot. Usually, the children gorged themselves on forbidden foods. But by the end of two weeks they were selecting a balanced diet of the foods they required.

The instincts are built in, and we then proceed to blunt them with science, or to distort them with half knowledge and ignorance. We don't need to do so. I am convinced that we are not as stupid as we act, and when it comes to eating, each of us knows what to eat and when to eat. Most of us, fortunately, are at least that free.



Dr. A. B. Shephard.

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All of which helps explain why our whisky has such a beautiful disposition.

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At Ballantine's, we know a thing or two about harmonious relationships.

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the more you like Ballantine's.

Captains Canada: Your Own Magic Gallery Of Canadian Heroes

Nationalism took on the last edge of the super-hero. Neither bird nor plane, this rare creature flies through the air (or, latterly, the seawater) to strike a blow for freedom: usually economic. In last month's *Maclean's*, Montreal cartoonist Art's'n depicted those two classic patriots, the NDP's Willie Gower and the NDP's William and federal union member Joe Green, in eager but scarcely avoidable contending for the title, Captain Canada of 1971. Along with this dynamic duo Art's'n sketched the memorable Captain Canada of 1971, Sir John A. Macdonald. At one dollar each or two dollars for all three, *Maclean's* offers its readers postage (10¢/10¢/10¢) reproductions of Art's'n's magic, suitable for framing, throwing darts at or even leaving on the table. Send coupons (below) to: *Maclean's*, 480 University Avenue, Toronto 101, Ont.



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See the art that turned on Picasso.



You can see the influence of African art in the portraits of Picasso's cubist phase.

You can see its colors and broad strokes in the work of Ferdinand Léger.

You can even see the impact of sky (those strange, marvelous long faces of Matisse).

To understand why this art had such a mean-class effect on many of the great artists of the twentieth century, take a look around South Africa.

Not far from Pretoria, far in silence, you can inspect the Ndebele village, where masterly women artists create abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses. As well as weaving exotic beadwork and dyeing their blankets with breathtaking color combinations.

Or while you're in Kimberley, visit the Bechuana Museum. It's different from American museums. Here you can actually pick up fantastic masks,

sculpture, pottery, and examine them at close range, feel their shape and weight. Which gives you intimate, exciting insight into these works.

Of course, you'll want to bring home examples of African art and art tools. And you can. In the shops and the Indian Market you'll find masks, pottery, weaving, stone sculpture. Wood sculpture (artisans work in woods of different colors and hardness, producing a wide variety of interesting subjects). You can even take home a warrior's shield (as tall as a man).

Prices are incredible low.

Walk out with a Zulu axe for \$2. Or an African mask for 1/10th of what it would cost in the U.S.

Interestingly enough, these low prices apply not just to art, but to everything.

A tourist can live quite comfortably here for \$10 a day.

This means that vintage wines

for instance, cost you a mere 75c-85c per bottle.

And along with the vintage wines, you'll find all the other comforts of contemporary life.

In fact, South Africa is almost unique in its striking contrast. With its modern cities like Johannesburg, Durban, Cape Town—you'll discover both primitive life and present-day luxury.

Fastest, easiest way to get there is with South African Airways. A Boeing 747 Stratocruiser will bring you down from New York via the most direct route.

Your travel agent will help you get the best out of your stay. See him. And let him point you a picture of what you can see and do there.

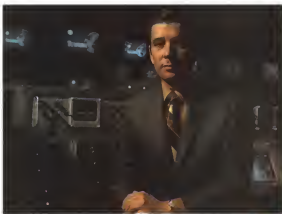


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REVIEWS

DECEMBER 1970

Sam Has Joined The Swing To Tape. Should You?

BY PETER GODDARD



ONLY A FEW YEARS ago choosing new hi-fi equipment was a relatively simple business. The options were limited — and limiting. You looked for a record player that would give you as to a fit in your record — and your car — demanded. If you were a buff, you'd worry about such transistor, capacitor and resistor, and you'd add such new piece of electronic gadgetry as it came along. But if you were the average consumer, your biggest decision was whether the cabinet should be walnut or barked Caspian elm.

Well, in the last year or so advances in tape technology have changed all that. Because, today, even those of us who can't tell a quarter from a quarter are faced with a choice: records or tapes, record player or tape deck. From the early reel-to-reel tape recorders, that made record players seem relatively simple to operate and carry, have evolved the four- and eight-track cartridge players, designed primarily for use in cars, and now the cassette machines, which take up about one fourth the space. And as the quality of tape has improved and its fidelity increased, tape in general and

cassettes in particular have emerged as serious alternatives to records.

At the moment, tapes are only competitive with records. What they lack is fidelity (which isn't all that much any more) they make up for in easy storage. What they lack in variety (a great deal of music is still available only on records), they make up for in durability and easy maintenance (that — and that is the point — tape is the solution of the future, and the not too distant future at that). Moreover, there was no reason (to the point where it's very nearly impossible to buy a manual record player), because stereo was a more exciting medium with greater possibilities for sound reproduction, and records will give you to tapes for the same reason.

"It will probably take the public a long time to get away from buying records," says Tom Grubbs, manager of electronics, Canada's consumer electronics and high-fidelity magazine. "There's something about a record that's almost psychological. There's that shiny black disc that you can hold in your hand. But the kids today are being brought up on tape."

Many of them take comfort in this to record lectures. They're used to tape as a medium. Of course, records will go — with all the new developments they're going now.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics can tell you the number of record players sold in Canada during the first seven months of this year — 11,671 — but it has no idea what the sales of tape decks were because, at one DBS official's request, "Who manufactures tape machines in Canada?" But according to industry sources, tape deck sales are rising — about one third of record-player sales during the first seven months of this year — and sales of record players are falling. Sam Shickman, who recently opened a tape store, *Sam The Tape Man*, near his record store, *Sam The Record Man*, in downtown Toronto, says that tapes now account for 20% of his business.

It says something about the increasing importance of tape that the Canadian Record Manufacturers Association plans soon to change its name to the Canadian Recording Manufacturers Association. "You must remember," says Bert Bitts, the CRMA's executive secretary, "that the hardware manufacturers have a great influence in all of this" — which is usually a sure way of saying that when the manufacturers decide to produce tape decks instead of record players, we consumers won't have to worry about making a choice.

For the moment, anyway, a choice still exists — but how do you make it?

What to consider? The most important question is what you want your equipment for. While the *Belmont Mobility Guide To Stereo Records* is filled with classical listings, the *Belmont Tape Catalogue* is dominated by pop and rock. So if your interest is classical music or jazz, you'll probably want to stay with records until you're able to choose from a better selection of tapes. Fidelity is a more difficult question. Reel-to-reel tapes and cartridges generally deliver better fidelity than cassettes, although developments such as Dupont's *Microdot* design tape (Crosby) and the Dolby noise-reduction system, now being incorporated into cassette decks, are taking up the slack. If your car demands high floor fidelity, it will probably cost you more to get what you want in a tape system than it will in a conventional record system. But for most of us the slight difference in fidelity is unimportant. As for the question of cost, does really matter to choose between the two, as far as equipment is concerned, although the tapes themselves still cost more than records (cassettes and eight-tracks for \$7.95, the average record at \$5.99).

To sum up: If your taste doesn't run to classical music or jazz, and if you don't insist on the highest possible fidelity, then you might as well be the first on your block to make the conversion from records to tapes because of the advantages I've already mentioned and because some of the latest ones will have to change anyway.

What to buy? Well, it all depends on how much you

As different as
the shape
it's in.



Tanqueray Gin

It's this rare, an ordinary gin. We would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle. Distilled and bottled in London, England.

want to spend, and how complex you want your setup to be. Monophonic cassette decks, sell for about \$40 and up. Computers such as Hitachi, Ampeg, Sony, Concord and Panasonic are including stereo cassette decks, ranging in price from just above \$100 to just above \$200. If you want to indulge in some gadgetry, you can get a cassette-changer system. Philips seems to be the most popular at around \$220 and is sold here under the brand name Norelco. Although some cassette systems are now being factory-installed into cars — Chrysler and General Motors are offering it on some of their 1971 models — cartridge machines (they list at between \$60 and \$100) still seem to dominate that particular market (75% of the tapes sold in 1969 were cartridges, and that's mostly because of our use). If it's fidelity you're after, there are at least three DeLloyd cassette decks on the market that will give you what you need: the Advent Corporation's Model 200 (at around \$350), the Berman Kardon Model CAD-5, and the Fisher RC-40 (at slightly over \$200).

LOOK FOR RECORDS

These children's records that sound as if they've been produced for kids, instead of aimed at them. Except for bubble-gum rockers, such as the Moskos, there hasn't been much for the pre-teen-age kids to plug into recently, nothing that could win their attention the way, say, *Tubbs*, *The Tote* did in the 1950s. Nothing, that is, until *Seamus* (Seamus) came to TV. Now you can buy three albums that are specially from the program: *The Original TV Set*, *The Seamus Seamus Rock and Roll* (Columbia), *Seamus Seamus Songs From Seamus Street* (Scepter), and *Ask Me About Seamus* (Affinity). If there's little fantasy on these three LPs, there's still gods of lunacy, and the songs percolate good spirit.

TELEVISION

And you were there— Los Angeles, Chicago, the moon... Montreal

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Texas can serve as too much drama on television. The medium, as wise men are beginning to perceive and ponder, is a theatrical medium for universal concerns. It offers an outlet to men emotions on a scale Aristotle never dreamed of. Even cheap drama, contrived and artificial, can be affecting on TV. Good drama, written and produced and acted by actors, can enlarge the spirit of an audience of millions. But there are moments when television transcends traditional forms of theater and grows into web drama unique to the electronic medium and more compelling than art. Television, and television alone, can encompass the ferocity of reality.

During the last decade we have experienced an countless day-and-night right what no other medium in history has been able to experience — the culture that comes from being part of the great events of our time. We have watched these events as they happened in Chicago and Dallas, in Prague, Paris and London, on a desert runway in Jordan and on the surface of the moon. This fall Canadians also watched them happen in Montreal and Ottawa. The rugged drama of the FLQ kidnappings of James Cross and Pierre Laporte, with its harrowing plot structure and cruel climax, makes TV's truly, cosmatically agitated fantasy thriller seem somehow obvious. We've traveled around our sets and felt the agony and triumph of a country facing a real crisis. We watched while the body of a man — a real man — was pulled in a truck and in red blood — was found, entombed in the trunk of a car. It will be a long time before the two-dimensional screen

box of cardboard obscures playing a make-believe murder will again be bearable for many Canadian viewers. Of course, the theater of reality depends for effect on experienced and intelligent people working behind the scenes. It is a pity we short-changed the honor system in this country, having us with no regular way to reward meritorious services to the state. I can think of several QMIs, perhaps a knighthood or two, that should now be handed out among members of CBC-TV's news department. Coverage of the kidnappings by both networks was always good, but at least the CBC's handling of events was simply outstanding.

I'm thinking particularly of that dark, sinister midnight when Laporte's body was discovered. The CBC was caught at a time when virtually the entire news-gathering machinery of this country had followed its ancient custom of slowing down for the weekend. But the news department, with the heroic co-ordination of George Fennel, cranked up through hellfire flacks to live and comprehensive coverage of developments. By 1:30 a.m., when my local CTV station was still running a Don Katoz Hays, the CBC's anchor desk in Toronto was plugged in to Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec City. CBC's news network didn't get organized until after 2 a.m. By 3 a.m., when a hapless Pierre Laporte addressed the nation for the second time in just over 24 hours, the CBC was fulfilling its function of being the news line of Canadian consciousness — and fulfilling it superbly.

Naturally the CBC made some mistakes that confound

night, as it did before and after. But generally, and jumbled feelings of horror and shame over the kidnapping, there was also a sense of pride. The CBC was helping to prove that this country is not, as some of its national enemies appear to think, made of cotton candy. In view of which, CBC President George Davidson's recommendation to his news department — the editorial producers — to exercise a greater degree of restraint — was hardly warranted and, in terms of its effect on morale, ungrateful. The CBC has a mandate to keep the people informed — no matter what the wishes of the government of the day.



The killing of Bobby Kennedy, the Chicago mob's first steps on the moon, the murder of Pierre Laporte — as millions of us looked on.

We make it mild on purpose.



There are dozens of tough smokes around. If you like a tough smoke.

But we make Montinée mild.

Why? Because we know a lot of people (big, rugged guys as well as delicate ladies) who think that mildness makes more sense.

We make Montinée for them. And its mildness is no accident.

Think about it.

Matinée.

FILMS

Fortune And Men's Eyes—a report from the set in a Quebec City prison

BY JOHN HOPKINS

TWO YEARS ago the CBS television program *Sony Movies* reported "a riotous incident" in a Philadelphia jail. A white youth, accused of possession of marijuana and asked overnight, was gagged the next morning by six black convicts in the back of a paddy wagon en route to a courthouse. Police found the boy bleeding and in shock. Such incidents, constantly and respectfully referred to as "the problem of belligerence in our prisons," are often used as arguments for reorganized prisons for inmates. Yet, statistics indicate that more than 80% of actual assaults in American prisons are initiated by blacks against whites and are motivated by a different kind, a hatred rage that knows no generation.

The fact that racial acts can occur for neutral reasons, that set can be used to suppress, subvert or actual situations, is the central psychological insight of John Herbert's play *Fortune And Men's Eyes*, and it is even more discernible in his screenplay for the film version currently in production in Quebec City.

Fortune And Men's Eyes is the most famous Canadian drama of the last decade. It's been translated into eight languages and performed in 14 countries—but unfortunately it became famous for the wrong reasons. It is not a protest preview of prison violence, as it seemed in the 1960s off-Broadway production this year, nor, as other political productions have made it appear, is it merely the Black Panther's call for racial reform. It is rather a moving indictment of the dehumanizing process of our prisons, the *Fortune* of a man who was there and suffered

so that this wasn't part of his legal interest, it's the unpleasant part of a young person's sentence in a Canadian penal institution. Having been put on trial by society, Herbert now tipped the scales of justice and put society on trial in his writing.

"It was just that 'radicalized me,'" he says. "I had always had a naive trust in society, its laws and institutions. It took years to understand the shock of discovering how someone's human rights could be beneath the mask of conventional society. Even when I was released I lost three jobs in succession when it was revealed I had a criminal record."

Film director Jules Schwabe acquired the screen rights to *Fortune And Men's Eyes* immediately upon seeing it produced in New York. In 1967, most Hollywood studios thought the play too controversial or, paradoxically, too conventional, and Schwabe too unknown to support. However, he managed to interest Lewis Allen of Cinema International (Canada). Allen had previously produced Peter Biskind's *Lord Of The Flies* and François Truffaut's *Rushes d'été* (difficult production, strong lead) and, together with his partner Lester Perley, he made a deal with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Canadian Film Development Corporation to

share the \$700,000 production costs of *Fortune And Men's Eyes*. They got permission to shoot the film in the 130-year-old Quebec City men's prison, recently abandoned as a penal institution.

The cast that Perley and Schwabe recruited for *Fortune* seems at first to be odd choices, until one sees them working together. Wendell Burtons, who made his film debut in *The Snake Woman*, played the role of the white, charismatic youth who takes on the collection of any ransom in order to survive and discover that survival is prison's proper, ungratified degradation. Michael Green, who wrote *The Gay Descent* and *The Magic Garden Of Stanley Sweetheart* from unrequited sexuality, plays Quercus, a man who wears a suspended chain for his sins by convincing them Zoey Hall, who had a feature role in the ABC-TV series *The New People*, plays Zoey, a lower-class, drug-devised to a life of criminal residence. And Danny Frouman, a Toronto actor from *Theresa's Mass*, plays the most psychologically complex character in the film, of whom the director says—"at Flaubert did with *Madame Bovary*—" "Orestes."

Something special is happening on this set. Though none of the actors had previously known one another, they have developed an esprit de corps that no producer can buy and no director can order into existence. Their camaraderie, like the director, isn't the usual tacitly withholding or superficial group of actors. They're like participants in a psychoanalytic session, exchanging intense doubts of their lives, as if Herbert's play has exposed them to a raw degree of candor.

In the hotel room where they regularly live Ray Dylis is saying "to love include the new you must be honest," and Burton is telling the group "When I was 19 a girl made a pass at me. I was completely revulsed and



John Herbert, author of the play turned film *Fortune And Men's Eyes*. "It was just that radicalized me."

Rye to the very last drop.



All I've. None of the corn in it. (If any Canadian whiskey ever who can... at!)

Alberta Premium



got rid of him, even though he was a good friend. I was so naive I didn't even know what he was talking about." Burton at 73 is the youngest of the four. Grace at 27 is the eldest. Arriving by plane from San Francisco, he tells them, "Wave, Air Canada, a rain on an alcohol trip. Free drinks every hour I think it's how they sell this."

In an unapologetic portrait in *Forever And Men's Eyes*, when it was still called *Christmas Convers*, Herbert wrote "To help a man to help himself, someone must begin by trying to understand him, seeing about what he is and why. Society's 'wrong' means a useless and damaging. Most men, struck, will strike back sooner or later. It's an unresolvable process, stop after stop, blow for blow, a downward spiral for both individual men and society as a whole."

Forever And Men's Eyes, which will likely open simultaneously in Toronto and New York next spring, is intended to stir the consciousness of audiences, if not already drawn a conscientious response from those making it. The producers are working for one third of their usual fees, all the actors have accepted considerably less than their regular salaries. "The co-operation of Quebec prize authorities seems to be their way of compensation for the next sale of the rights."



Fortune's shrouded Burton with extra Cuddy White

Entertaining Me (Slavice, 1963) English playwright Joe Green was married, the victim of a scenario greatly prophesied in his second play *Entertaining Me*. Slavice now brought to the screen as one of the year's most chilling entertainments *Slavice* (Peter Molloy) is a psychopathic youth who curiously grants his lover to kill (Barry Reed) and her brother Ed (Barry Auldson) while they grow at his last. Though Douglas Hickox, making his debut as director, and screenplay writer Chris Egan here takes considerable liberties with the play and the film with a mock wedding ceremony in which Slavice marries his two participants, O'Brien's marvellous performance that eventually Slavice will kill one or both of them is still retained. O'Brien created out of homosexual self-hatred a neurotic vision of the world that in *Entertaining Me* Slavice gives one the sensation of being torn into a vortex flying beneath the play's clever nihilism, peppered with black wit, the shadow of O'Brien's death lurks like his own shadow. Slavice, possessed, never and, as Slavice, "from out that shadow (that) and shall be lifted — tomorrow" — □

REVIEWS

BOOKS

A Christmas gift list of 17 Canadian books well worth the giving

BY ROBERT WEATON

A book is a very personal gift. It is usually carefully chosen to reflect the taste of the person to whom it is being given. It is also a popular gift. The pre-Christmas sale of books has been increasing steadily. The owner of one Toronto bookstore tells me he has customers who spend as much as \$200 on books for Christmas gifts each year. Here, then, is a selection of Canadian books published this year which I recommend for Christmas giving.

John Gossard, *Memoirs Of Montserrat* (Oxford Press \$4.95) is a literary memoir of interest both in Canada and abroad. Gossard is a poet and translator who now lives near Montreal, but in the late 1950s he spent a young time from Canada to Paris to join the expatriate literary society there, whose more established members included such writers as Gertrude Stein, James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway. *Memoirs Of Montserrat* is Gossard's valuable and candid record of that literary experience more than 40 years ago.

By a curious coincidence, 1970 also saw the publication of a signed description of the literary experience: Norman Levine's and his effective novel *From A Jewish Town* (Macmillan, \$4.25). It is about a young Canadian who acquires from the sufferance of provincial life in Ontario after World War II only to find himself trapped 10 years later in another provincial society as a failed writer of novel books living in Cornwall.

Two major historical works of enormous significance were published this year: *In Canada's First Century* (Macmillan, \$9.95) by Ian Donald Crighton looks back on our first 100 years as a coun-

try and warns that our independence is now imperilled. For me, but evidently not for most reviewers, the book is disappointing in the degree that Crighton allows an obsession with politics and economics to obscure the artistic and intellectual life of the country in its first century. Pierre Berton's *The National Dream* (McClelland & Stewart, \$8.95) is the first book of a two-volume popular history about the building of the CPR, the second volume will be published next year. The reference to be drawn from this meticulously detailed but very readable book seems plain: Canadians accomplished the incredible feat of building a transcontinental railroad in the country's weak beginnings; surely similar feats of positive and defiant achievement ought to be possible now.

George Woodcock's *Canada and The Canadian* (Oxford Press, \$5.50) is a description of the country and its literary writers primarily for readers in England, and it may be of special interest here for just that reason. Woodcock was born in Canada but taken to England at an early age, he returned after the war to live on the West Coast. In England he was a founder of such independent literary circles as George Orwell and Herbert Read, and this background helps him to look at Canada with some detachment, while not overlooking its debits and a strong feeling of sympathy for the depressed or abandoned people and regions of the country.

Literary visions from abroad were also reported to discover how relatively popular poetry is in Canada. A good way to get a fast taste of that poetry would be with

How Do I Love Thee (Barrt) \$2.95 paper, \$5.95 cloth), an anthology edited by John Robert Calabrese in which 60 Canadian poets choose a favorite from among their own poems and give the reasons for their choice.

Kubrick's Queens' new novel *Fifth Business* (Macmillan \$8.95) was crowned of noons before publication when it was chosen as a Canadian selection for *The Book-of-the-Month Club* in January and an alternate selection for the Literary Guild next spring. The life story of an Ontario schoolteacher, who appears so ordinary in his colleagues but who in fact is so extraordinary, it boldly imaginative fiction. Gabrielle Roy's *Wild Swallow* (McClelland & Stewart \$3.95), reviewed here last month, is a small elegy for our times. Margaret Laurence's *A Bird in the House* (McClelland & Stewart \$6.95) is a collection of short stories linked together to form a kind of loosely knit novel about the pleasures and pain of growing up in small-town Manitoba. And Hugh Garner's *Let's Snipe* (Pocket Books \$5 cents) is partly a tough power novel, partly a realistic study of a society adrift in downtown Toronto.

The major political book of the year is Oshon Camp's *A Political Memoir* (Penguin \$10), which might seem happily have been published before the recent debate of the Conservative government in Nova Scotia. The recent dismissal of the prime minister among students in universities is unique, is *The Poverty Wall*, by Ian Adams (McClelland & Stewart \$2.95 paper), in which we are told just how the abandoned over the time of the Just Society. In *Stripped Down Centre* (Penguin \$4.95) the novelist and short-story writer Hugh Hood has produced one of those rarities in Canadian writing, a serious book about sports, specifically a book about hockey and Jean Beliveau.

Among what are traditionally regarded as "job books" there are at least four this year worthy of attention. Paul Dench's *Canadian Job Book* (Clarke, Irwin \$13.95) and Peter Melvin's *The Group Of Seven* (McClelland & Stewart \$2.95) were largely inspired by the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Group of Seven, both books are lavishly illustrated and owe a debt to the McMichael collection of Canadian art in the Ontario village of Kleinburg. *Books Of The Group Of Seven*, by J. Patrick Lawton and John Lyngren (McClelland & Stewart \$19.95) is the second in a series of books outside for the beauty of their illustrations and the intelligence of their text. Of particular interest to readers of *Maclean's* is *Wilderness Canada*, edited by a former editor of the magazine, Gordon Speers (Clarke, Irwin \$29.95). With essays by Pierre Trudeau, Eric Macdonald, George Woodcock, Bruce West, the late Walter Priser and others, this beautifully illustrated book is a handsome and permanent tribute to the memory of Walter Priser of *Maclean's*, who died accidentally in his continuing exploration of the Canadian wilderness by automobile or canoe. □

Wilderness Canada: a tribute to the memory of Walter Priser

CONTEST

To erp is human, to erp deliberately is Contest No. 58

Newsprinters learn early in life to correct the potency of a typographical error. It takes only an instant when there should be a r, for example, to transform the disclaimer "Miss Stensrud said she and the Prime Minister are not romantically attached" into the breathless gossip "Miss Stensrud said she and the Prime Minister are now romantically attached." Of course, most typographical errors result in nothing more than misapprehension or garbled words, but occasionally, and happily, fate and the law of averages conspire to substitute the wrong letter in the right word at the right time, creating a new word and changing entirely the meaning of the sentence or phrase in which it appears. Thus "In the face of certain defeat the Conservative leader told the party faithful, 'United we stand!'" Now suppose we substituted just one letter in my familiar quotation to deliberately transfigure its meaning. The possibilities are wonderful. To erp a human, Gert in this day our daily herp. A woman's word a power dose. My fellow Canadians . . . Where there's a Pll there's a way. A miss is as good as a male. The power let a man I don't like. To be not to be . . . what is the question? Readers are invited to join in as this madcap Address opens to Contest No. 58, *Maclean's*, 488 University Avenue, Toronto M5G 1S1 Deadline: December 18.

Results of Contest No. 56

Our "guilty fans" are overwhelmed with does named True, coagun named Vis, letters named With, with named Ancephy, cards named Lot, rebus named Ben, his named Aero, speech named Ovak, hours named Doukko and jays named

Manag. And, oh yes, we have more than enough designs named King. Conventions were asked to trial at annual with punning names — and it's quite a menagerie. In addition to those does named True — and all the other duplications — we received a well named Weary, a bee named Longal, a Quackster sent to a cow named Wal, a ferreted tent in a moose named Tigay, we have an English sheep named Oo-cupina and a German hen (a German hen?) named Piss. Miss Betty Smith of Kitchener, Ont. sent us a grouse named National Product, to which our judges awarded a blue ribbon. Miss Smith won \$10, in all each of the following:

- a moose named Tour (A.C. Stone, Windsor, Ont.)
- a house named Housing (Simon Lough, Fredericton, NB)
- a parrot named My Dream (Elizabeth Campbell, Kitchener, Ont.)
- a very named Way Traffic (Ruth Rand, Lander Lake, Ont.)
- a shark named Noah (Theresa Pulawski, Winnipeg)
- a deer named Able (Mrs. J. R. Lavett, Sherbrooke, Que.)
- a mocking bird named Lucidia (Mrs. E. W. Ash, North Vancouver)
- a gander named Proper (Harriet Sealheimer, Montreal)
- a petra named Bean Stiff (J. L. Stone, Deep River, Ont.)
- a pair of gins named National (Stephen Cape, Montreal)
- a squid named Doo (Ken Ho, Edmonton)
- a ead named Save The Queen (Mrs. I. F. Hollenborg, Vancouver). □

Break out the frosty bottle



and keep your martinis dry!



To the gift wrappers, the party givers,
the party goers and, of course, Santa Claus —
seasons greetings and real refreshment.

It's the real thing. Coke. 